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POEMS.

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*To Lady Harrow.
with the Authors best Wishes.*

POEMS

BY THE

REV. C. E. KENNAWAY, M.A.

—o—

LONDON:

FRANCIS AND JOHN RIVINGTON.

CHELTHENHAM:

HENRY DAVIES.

1846.

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LOAN STACK

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1846

TO
SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART., M.P.
WHOSE OLD AND CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP
WITH THE WRITER'S FAMILY,
WILL ENSURE AN INTEREST IN THE HOME PIECES,
AND WHOSE KINDNESS
WILL PASS OVER WHAT HIS TASTE MIGHT
DISAPPROVE IN THE OTHERS,
THESE POEMS
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

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INTRODUCTION.



THE Poems in this Volume are the fruit of that tendency to the expression of excited feelings, which it is believed all of us are, more or less, subject to. They have been composed principally as the events suggested them; and to such calls the busiest will find or create some moments of leisure to give an answer.

For their publication the Author may be supposed to have reasons which satisfy his own mind; but what are these to the public? If the reader find no justifying merit in the poetry, such reasons will have little weight with him—if he does, none other will be necessary.

Advertisements, such as these, are seldom read. Still a word may be added on the subjects of some of the Poems. These may seem to be of a more private cast, as arising from circumstances in the history of the Writer. But it must be remembered, that what happens to one in the changes and chances of life, will, in most cases, happen to others, sooner or later: and the expression, therefore, of one person's feelings will be the expression of the feelings of many. Our common humanity gives us this assurance, and our ready sympathies, when thus appealed to, bear witness to its truth. Compositions thus elicited may be expected to have a deeper reality than those which are only the fruit of the imagination.

For it is a divine direction, that if any be afflicted, he should pray, that if any be merry, he should sing psalms. It is according to this law that hundreds have written and sung; and have thus given vent to those

emotions which, if pent up, might have devoured the heart. And, therefore, the Author will merely add, that as the composition of these Poems was pleasure and comfort to himself, not unattended, he would fain hope, with some more permanent benefit to his heart; so his earnest wish now is, that in some degree, small it may be, the same results of pleasure and benefit may attend the kind and patient reader of them.

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POEMS.

POEMS.



PARAPHRASE OF THE CREED.



In Holy Church entranc'd, I stand
Among the crowds that throng the aisle;
The Priest is there, and white robed band
With angel voice and angel smile;
High through the roof the wings of music soar,
Whilst I in lonely-heartedness the Three in One adore.

I say the words of might, that down
From our forefathers old,
Like famous stream from mountain's crown,
In Majesty have roll'd;
I lift my voice, and low on bended knee,
Almighty God the Father, tell my trust in Thee.

I turn mine eye, Great Sire, from Thine,
For scarcely can I gaze,
Such dazzling glories round Thee shine,
Godhead's unveiled blaze :
To Thee, O Son, soft mediating love,
To Thee in fear I look, and all my fears remove.

For I believe in Thee, O Jesus Christ ;
Around thy brow of love,
Prophet and Monarch, Thou, and Priest,
Mysterious glories move ;
Tongue cannot tell, nor skill of limner trace
Thy tender greatness, or Thy mournful grace.

For Thou, Thy Father's only Son,
In pity hast descended,
Leaving the golden-stepped throne
And pleasures never ended ;

And girt with beggar's tunic, pale and wan,
'Twixt heaven and earth the severing shadow cross'd,
And, feeble child of miserable man,
Landed upon the lost earth's beating coast—

Yet Thee conceiv'd the Paraclete, O Son ;

O'er the meek-hearted virgin's brow He spread
The shady curtains of His ambient throne,
And sphered in sunny rays that blessed head.

Hence was Thy wondrous birth, mysterious Man ;

And hence to our sad souls new hope was born ;
The death-clouds fled like shadows o'er the plain,
And life came beaming from the gates of morn.

And I believe that Thou didst suffer—Pain

Waited with iron nerve Thy frame to grasp,
And eager Death, anticipating gain,
Watched in the murky gloom Thine hand to clasp.

Short triumph theirs—the traitor's kiss, the Hall,

The soldier's buffet, and the traveller's scoff,
The vinegar, and the untasted gall,
And bitter hyssop, moving thirsty cough,

All soon are past : the dreadful deed is done,
Sad Pilate musing leaves the ivory chair ;
The mid-day sun has hasted to go down,
And Light and Thou at once eclipsed, retire.

For Thou did'st die self-offered ; and beneath
The earth and ocean's chamber beams an hour,
As guest did'st tarry, but as God didst breathe,
And all those silent halls confess'd Thy power :
Sad Adam smiled Thy radiant form to see,
And prison'd patriarch spirits leapt for joy.

Yes ! Thou did'st die self-offer'd ; but again
Bursting the tomb-bars camest calmly forth,
And stretching Thy love-purpled arms amain,
Did'st pour new floods of blessing on the earth.

And I believe again, O Lord, to see
Thy radiant form in clouds of light descending ;
As Thou in sight of Thy lov'd company
Did'st mount through blushing clouds around Thee
bending ;

For all creation owns Thy sovereign nod,
Placed at thy Father's side, co-equal God.

And I believe in Thee, O Holy Ghost ;
I know Thy quickening breath is ever near ;
Frequent upon my bosom's wasteful coast,
Break Thy still waves of love, o'ercoming fear.

What tho' Thou dwellest in excess of light,
'Nathless the Church thy chosen palace is.
Fiery and free, Thou movest through the bright
Orders of high-soul'd men, or saints in bliss.

Hence to the blessed hill I lift my view ;
In Holy Catholic Church I firm believe—
Church on the Prophets built, and Martyrs true,
And living stones that great Apostles leave.

Thee, Jesus Christ, tower-top, and corner-stone
Of all that mighty whole, I, chief adore ;
The temple rests upon Thy heart alone,
Thine hand doth lock and loose its mighty door.

And I believe, through Thee, that living union
Which all the souls of men elect enjoy ;
With Thee through Faith they have their high communion,
Thy praise, their service and their blest employ.

Ever in secret prayer or public praise,
Closer we press our throbbing hearts to Thee ;
And as our tearful eyes to Heaven we raise,
Mirror'd in Thine, the blessed dead we see.

But chiefly when around Thy mystic table,
In tender love, thy true disciples kneel ;
Ah chiefly then the life ineffable
Through our enraptured senses, seems to steal.

Like loving John, upon Thy breast reclining,
We view the forms of those we loved on earth ;
Full on their beautiful brows the life is shining,
The life through death, of their immortal birth.

O mystic presence, filial Godhead, rise !
Fountain of light, our darkling souls suffuse !
Shine through the veil of thy dread sacrifice,
And bathe us in Thy mornings' orient dews !

From Thee the healing source of pardon flows,
Thine is the hidden life's immortal manna—
Speed son of David, speed the awful close,
Thy children strew thy way, and shout, Hosannah !

The bodies of the saints in holy ground,
Dressed in their fading cerements, calmly sleep ;
For Holy Church has strewed her texts around,
And mourners stay to praise, that came to weep.

Whilome on earth they sang the Holy Creed,
And bow'd adoring towards the eastern gate ;
Now near the Throne from fear and fetters freed
For Thy great Advent languishing they wait.

And we believe through blood, in sin forgiven ;
And raise in hope our brows tho' wan and wasting,
Already Faith half lifts the veil of Heaven
And lives, by love, the life of glory everlasting.

THE COMPLAINT.



O Father ! hear thy poor and prostrate son,
That now alone
Lies in the awful straits of anxious doubt,
Whilst all about
Pale phantoms of past sins do throng, and grace is gone.

Look down, O Father, on my heart distres't,
Hear its unrest :
There is no quiet in this tranquil chamber,
My soul would clamber
Up from this terrible strife and sleep upon Thy breast.

Raise up Thine holy power, my God, and come
To this sad room ;
Thou that of old did'st see the spreaded letter,
And straight unfetter
The steel girt walls of Sion's threaten'd doom—

Oh turn not Thou Thine ear in wrath away,

But straight display

Thy gracious banner, let it proudly float

O'er tower and moat

And from my leagured heart drive fear for aye.

I know how sad my ill-spent life beseems,

What idle dreams

Have all Thy purposes of grace defeated,

How oft repeated

Deep clouds of sin have veil'd Thy golden beams.

And yet O loving Father ! yet return,

Nay, do not spurn,

Albeit late, my penitence and prayer,

But let the air

Again serenely breathe, the stars of mercy burn.

For Jesu's sake, for him who on the knife

Poured his pale life,

For Him who never cast a suppliant by,

Turn, turn Thine eye

Upon my doleful case, and stay the dreadful strife.

THE CRUCIFIX.



Silent we rested where a towering cross
On the dry fields of far Bavaria stands ;
And wide as man's illimitable loss,
Its all-embracing arms, like love, expands.

Upon the wondrous fixture drooping low,
Its wooden weight a human figure hung !
That melancholy form, I mark it now ;
That ghastly look, from dread endurance wrung.

Its brow was crown'd in mockery with thorn,
That dimm'd its calm composure all with blood ;
So deep, so difficult the Passion borne,
That suffering seemed to fill the impassive wood.

Age had not yet its heavy honours hung
Upon that aspect meek, and Godlike form ;
Youthful, not His the vigour of the young,
The foot to flee, or breast to brave the storm—

O great example !—superhuman tie
Fashioned in Heaven ! love-chant of many parts
By angel chorus sung, while glad reply
Echoes on earth from thousand bleeding hearts !

Ah matchless beauty ! what compar'd to thine
The chisel'd grace of young Antinous form ?
What wreath so graceful as the cruel spine ?
What chisel like Heaven's dreadful anger-storm ?

Still is that patient head in love reclining
When evening hangs her silver lamps on high ;
And still, when morning in the East is shining,
That great white wondrous figure marks the sky.

No Rizpah wipes that cold and clammy brow ;
No shield is thine against the fiery sun ;
Thou that o'ershadowest all, unshaded Thou
Bear'st the great ills of the fall'n world alone !

Hard were it on such picture long to gaze,
And not believe it very Christ to be ;
True sun, tho' shooting through a mist its rays ;
Dread avatar, incarnate Deity :

And wisely sterner hearts than ours have thrown,
Albeit all too rudely, on the ground,
Down-trampling as it lay, the wood or stone,
With triumph loud, or silent joy profound.

For memory treasures still the mournful figure ;
And fancy opens wide her half-shut eye ;
And faith herself recruits her failing vigour
At sight of that immortal constancy.

There still it stands : no friendly form is nigh ;
Only the way-worn pilgrim kneeling down
With head reclin'd, but tearful upward eye,
Forgetting in that sorrow all his own.

There through the changing year, the stars look forth,
And each above in silent glory sings ;
Both when the winter strips the cold blue north,
Or the soft west wind spreads its summer wings.

And sometimes haply, as the pilgrim passes,

While the dark wind pipes loud, the shadowy form
Seems all to swell and sigh, while mournful masses
Come through the pauses of the driving storm—

Such thoughts avaunt ! It is not well to muse
On themes however sad, however gay ;
If great experience heav'n-taught should refuse
Her awful sanction to the holy lay.

Mine be the task, tenant of happy isle,
In holy strain to lift His praises high,
Who taught a frowning faith again to smile,
And rent the cowl that darken'd charity.

Mine be such task and glory—whether lone
In simple church I join the rustic throng,
Or worship half entranc'd, where the deep tone
Of pealing organ fills the soul with song.

And yet be pardon sweet and mercy mine,
If sometimes all too fondly I may fix
My pensive gaze where love has set her shrine,
Within thy blood-streak'd boughs, mysterious crucifix !

HOSEA XIV., v. 3.



No longer Asher's arm our trust shall be ;
No more we'll lean on Egypt's chivalry ;
No more to golden idols, work of man,
We'll bow the knee, or burn the spicy cane ;
No more we'll call them Gods that Gods are none,
Work of our hands, of ivory made, or stone ;
For Thou can'st give, Eternal Lord, alone,
Comfort to orphan'd hearts, and hope to the undone.

HYMN OF THE FIRST OR SECOND CENTURY.

Preserved by St. Basil.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.*

—o—

Light of th' immortal Father, joyous light
Of Him, that glorious in His holy nature
Dwells in the home of His own happiness,
First-born, O Jesus, Thou, of every creature—
The Sun towards the western wave is stealing,
The twilight's shady wing his beams concealing,
While on the dead day's western coast
We hymn Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
For Thou art worthy, glorious Lord,
With holy song to be adored,
Giver of life, and Lord of time,
Of every lip the praise, the joy of every clime!

* O cheerful light of the sacred glory of the immortal, heavenly, holy, blessed Father, Jesu Christ. Having reached the setting of the sun, and beholding the star of evening, we praise the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit of God. Worthy art Thou, every hour, to be celebrated by holy lips, O Son of God, Thou giver of life. Therefore the world doth glorify Thee.—*Literal translation by Bishop Andrewes.*

LAMENT OF PARENTS.

ON E. W., AGED FOUR YEARS.



Like flower that withers at the break of morn,
Or dew drop drunk by the awakening Sun ;
So bloom'd, so faded fast, our earliest born,
And sank, ere sin could soil, in slumber down.

Meek to the Trinal Majesty he bowed,
So early taught of Father, Spirit, Son ;—
Heard Jesus call him from a vernal cloud,
And mounted, like sweet music, to the throne.

No more on grassy lawn his feet shall stray ;
His infant tones no more shall soften ours ;
Rides his pure spirit o'er the star-paved way ;
His body rests, sweet flower, beneath the flowers.

Blessed baby boy, by Jesus welcomed home ;
Lily of Eden, washed in holy wave ;
Sleep soft, sleep sweetly in the guarded tomb ;
No home so tranquil as the quiet grave.

Calm in its holy chamber once reposed,
Sharon's sweet rose, and left its odours there ;
'Tis not the cold grave, o'er our boy has clos'd,
But happy couch, which Jesus died to share.

ON THE SAME.



The earth is bright with starry flowers,
With flower-like stars the heaven :
But dark and dull our pleasant bowers,
Our hearts with sorrow riven.

The lily bends its silver head,
Beneath the laurel shade ;
And seems to mourn the early dead,
In silent beauty laid.

We'd bow, like that pale flower, beneath
Thy mild paternal rod :
We'd bless Thee for an Infant's death,
As for his life, O God !

We'd bless Thee that in holy ground,
Within the Church he sleeps :
Where winged Angels walk around,
And night watch Jesus keeps.

For Thou on earth, in measure mild,
Did'st bid the infants come :
He heard the call, beloved Child,
And made Thy heart his home.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.



If thou would'st walk abroad with me,
In pleasant month of May,
I'd tell thee what a bard should sing,
Or holy pastor say.

I'd take thee by the river side,
In deep transparence flowing :
I'd shew thee where in meadows green
The tranquil herds are lowing :

And pray that as that crystal stream,
Thy future life may be :
And pray that turf, as soft and green,
Be always spread for thee.

I'd shew thee in the hawthorn dell,

Full many a vest of snow :

And bid thee praise thy Father's name,

A white-robed virgin too.

Where on the pleasant mountain side,

His watch the shepherd keeps ;

I'd teach thee of the Shepherd good,

With eye that never sleeps.

I'd shew thee how in speed and foam,

The torrent dashes on :

Then lays its vex'd waves in the lake,

Begirt with wooded zone—

And thus I'd say, the hurried heart,

Thro' Him that died to save,

Shall bathe in sea of boundless love,

Its agitated wave.

I'd bid thee kneel, and as we bent,

In lowly prayer the knee,

I'd teach thee of the Man of woe,

That knelt so oft for thee !

I'd mind thee how on mountain bare,
Beneath the quiet stars,
He pour'd for thee so often forth
His deep and mighty prayers.

No sight should want its lesson good,
No sound unmeaning be ;
Our talk should be of Jesu's love,
We'd talk, O Lord, of Thee.

Then come my gentle Friend, and place
Thy trusting hand in mine :
God helping, I will teach thee still
To muse on truth divine.

Be heavenly pure thy earthly love,
Thy truth be like the sun :
The low sweet music of thy life,
"The will of God be done."

So live in quiet saintly ways,
Twisting life's golden chord :
Thine earthly friend supporting thee,
The staff of both, the Lord.

1 PETER i., v. 3. 4.



"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

To an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."



Q. And is there then another birth,

And am I new-begotten ?

May the deceitful dreams of earth

From hence be all forgotten ?

Shall sins' dark heritage be mine no more,

The sea with sorrow sown, or melancholy shore ?

Tell me, oh tell me, whose the mighty plan

That such a prize hath gain'd for such a worm as man ?

A. Where burns the oceanic fire*

Before the sapphire throne,

Where angel thousands strike the lyre

In holy unison ;

* Rev. xv. v. 2.

There, while the emerald bow sweeps her broad span,
Sits the great Being that hath pitied man.
There the bless'd Second of the Eternal Three
Beams that warm Sun, that hid His beams for me.

Oh who that name may rightly name
Prostrate on earth, or soaring
Where Seraphs sing with lips of flame
Around the throne adoring?

The man of sorrows He, that shed his blood
A fivefold fountain on the holy wood.

Q. Then tell me, tell me what the glory gained
By such great Being thus with death disdain'd?

A. Beyond the darkling realms of earth,
A sun-bright city stands;
No sorrow there in vap'rous birth
Its cloudy wing expands;
Far as the eye can reach, the thought can soar,
Live joy and sunshine mingling evermore;
Brighter than brightest hues which fancy traces,
When evenings purple zone, the sleepy earth embraces.

No sin within its walls can dwell,

No time its stones can wear ;

In glory incorruptible .

It kisseth the bright air ;

This is the sun-bright portion fair and free,

Through wounds and bloody suffering bought for thee.

Q. Then shew me, shew me NOW, the happy place,

I pant its shining pathways all to trace.

A. Nay, eager soul, thou can'st not tread

That sunny region now ;

Child of a race by nature dead,

Wan look and faded brow ;

The land that is thy home is far away

Over a wide illimitable sea,

Fair must the gale be, and the vessel good,

That bears thee safe across that fretful flood.

Yet doubt not of thy Pilot's skill ;

He with unfault'ring hand,

O'er sunken rocks invisible,

Shall guide thee to the strand ;

There to thy ravish'd eye shall all be shown,
The hills with flowers, the beach with jewels strewn ;
The city walls, one blaze of living light,
Sparkling with di'mond keen, and purest chrysolite.

Q. But will the golden dream endure

Despite the dust of time ?

Shall none incur dark forfeiture

By sorrow or by crime ?

Shall summer in one maze of beauty roll,

And mild the tropic be, and mild the pole ?

Shall night resign her darkness and her sleep,

And the dried eye refuse again to weep ?

A. Yes, more than heavenliest truth can paint

In Hope's most golden dream,

Assoil'd from every mortal taint

That better land shall beam ;

Safe in the keeping of Almighty Power

Burns each broad field of light, blooms every bower ;

To thee through suffering Love that land was given,

For thee by conquering Love 'tis kept in Heaven !

SONG OF EARLY CHRISTIAN CONFESSORS.

To the Air of "Oh no we never mention her."



Oh no ! we may not whisper now

The name by hosts ador'd,

No more we chaunt in choral song

Our dear redeeming Lord :

They drag us slow with bleeding feet

To many an idol shrine ;

They bid us taste the offer'd meat

Or quaff the offer'd wine :

They strive with slow reluctant fires

Our constant souls to break ;

They spread the charms the world admires,

But oh 'tis death to take—

For neither bright Apollo's bow
Nor Daphne's laurel grove,
Nor sounds of joy, nor sights of woe,
Can bend our loyal love :

Yet if perchance by sorrow tried
Some sighs our bosoms heave,
They bid us leave the Crucified—
But we will never leave—

Oh no ! the quivering limb may throb,
May start the torture tear,
For crown of steel and fiery robe
Are hard for flesh to bear.

But heavier was the robe of scorn
The man of sorrows bore ;
And sharper, sharper was the thorn
On bleeding brows He wore :

And He can cool the torrent wave,
Can stop the oppressor's joy ;
For stronger is His arm to save,
Than theirs is to destroy.

They tell us He is buried now,
And all our hopes are gone ;
They saw not how in vest of snow
He mounted to His Throne.

And chains may bind, and prisons dim
Our fetter'd limbs control ;
Our souls, like eagles, fly to Him,
They cannot bind the soul.

The waves that wash our prison wall,
The winds that hurry by,
The sweet, the gall, are records all
Of Love that cannot die.

What if our spirits tortures bow,
Our limbs if fetters fret ?
We see not now His radiant brow
But how can we forget ?

SUDDEN DEATH.



I would not die by slow decay,
I would not sink from day to day,
Like withering tree or ruin'd tower,
Where beauty weeps departed power.

I would suddenly go, like a warrior in haste,
When he hears from afar the bugle blast ;
I would mount, like an arrow shot on high,
To the messenger clouds that pause in the sky.

Oh ! could I list but the Advent word,
And the beautiful feet of my coming Lord ;
Could I plume my dull soul, like the eagle his wing,
How I'd soar to the seat of my Saviour and King.

Bear, bear me ye Seraphs, ye Cherubim bear
Where the Crowns are all hung, and the Crowner is there ;
Oh haste Thine appearing, too long is Thy stay,
Return to thy Widow, or call her away !

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE WORDS OF THE
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.



I heard a voice at the matin chime,
Like a trumpet it smote the dull ear of Time ;
 “Wake Christian wake, unseal thine eye,
 Far spent is the night, the dawn is nigh ;
I see the bright and morning star
Wax pale with its watching—up, arm for war.

If men speak peace, believe them not,
For the foeman is nigh, and his breath is hot ;
 Be Hope thy shield and Love like Death ;
 Take the sword of the Spirit and helm of Faith ;
Oh, who would fear the hottest fight
With a leader like thine clad in arms of light ?”

That voice speaks now as erst it spake,
I hear it at morning, awake ! awake !
 Awake ! awake ! Thy Leader is nigh,
 And He leadeth His soldiers to victory !
What boot the counsels proud men take
If Christ be thy Captain ? awake ! awake !

HEAVEN.



Hand clasped in hand
Before the throne we stand
Amid the warrior wand
In robes of white.

The souls are there
Of saints, that erst by prayer
With the proud prince of air
Fought the good fight.

But battle bow,
And spear are broken now ;
And shading each bright brow,
Blooms the green palm.

O'er the glad host,
Like waves on glory's coast,
In golden music tost,
Rolls the glad psalm.

The sea of glass
Gives back each radiant face,
Bright with the hues of grace
Caught from above :
With many a gem
Glitters each diadem,
On every garment hem
Are words of love.

Those garments dyed
With that rich purple tide,
That flowed from Jesu's side
On lawless spear—
Their crowns are on,
They cast them at the throne
Then fall in glory down—
Love without fear.

Then as they rise
All thro' the echoing skies
The song of sacrifice
Rolls like a river ;
And frequent fires
Play round those waving choirs,
Whose burning lips and lyres
Shall praise for ever.

They sing of Time
All dead, of change and crime
Buried—melodious chime

Blest harmony !

“ Boughs of the Vine

“ We’re thine, O Lord, we’re thine

“ Washed in the Hyaline

“ Love’s chrystal sea.”

Souls of the blest !

Ah ! sweetly laid to rest

They sleep on Jesu’s breast ;

Yet do they rear

Their heads on high,

Trophies of victory,

Won by deep agony,

Mastering despair.

Yes, thou wast there

In rosy atmosphere,

Listening with tuneful ear

Music’s high maze—

I see thee now

A bright beam on thy brow

Thy soft eyes all a-glow

With glory’s blaze.

I hear thee sing
Our Prophet, Priest and King
Oh still the numbers ring !
Thy lips are sealed—
Yet still the words
Leap up like knightly swords
To meet the challeng'd chords
In argent field.

FOR THE BAPTISM OF W. C.,
WHOM HIS PARENTS DESIRED TO DEDICATE TO
MISSIONARY LABOUR.

Father of love, and Fount of grace,
We call to Thee on high,
Unveil the brightness of Thy face
In this sweet mystery.

We come, the parents and the child,
With want oppress'd and sin,
Seeking, through Him the undefil'd,
The grace which maketh clean.

We come obedient to Thy word ;
Help Thou our weak endeavour ;
We give Thee back Thine own, O Lord,
To be Thy child for ever.

Glad on his brow the wave we shower
And trace the blessed sign ;
But Thou alone, for "Thine the power"
The heart can'st underline.

Make Lord that infant heart Thine own ;
Inscribe Thy titles there ;
Take in Thine arms this little one,
Take, and for ever bear.

[Instruct his soul, we humbly pray,
For mighty deeds and bold,
Soldier and servant night and day
To wake and watch the fold.]

We bless Thy covenanting Love
Most glorious One in Three ;
May nought around, beneath, above,
E'er part our Child from Thee.

AFTER SICKNESS.



As eagles, when the storm is o'er
That swept dim vale and mountain hoar,
Upraise their cowering heads and spy
The paly blue of morning's eye ;
And plume their crested necks of pride
And fling their wavy pinions wide :

So plume thy wings, my spirit, now,
To climb the mountain's marble brow,
So mount the blessed morning road
That leads by sunny ways to God ;
Nor fear that blessed road to find,
Altho' thy pathway be the wind.

The feverish night of pain is past,
The morn, the morning breaks at last,
Above the dim recovering hills,
Along the blue bemantled rills,
Chimes Light's prime music breezeward borne,
Stream the young glories of the morn.

And shall the face of Nature shine
And Love provoke no smile to mine ?
Shall the dumb earth her pean raise,
And I be mute that know to praise ?
Shall me no melody inspire
While music bursts from Nature's lyre ?

Nay, rather tell the wonders done
When God invades the soul alone,
When low in darken'd chamber laid
With fever'd pulse and aching head,
The spirit in its faintness proves
How faithful God, how Jesus loves—

Oh sweeter far the love-notes borne
To curtain'd sickness, when at morn
She lifts the languid lid and shews
An eye that owns not to repose,
Than morning tune of bee or bird,
Or sweet good-morrow's gentle word.

And Saviour thus be ever mine,
Still Saviour sweetly, sweetly shine ;
Soft taper in my chamber gloom,
My golden lamp in stately room ;
The brightest star where'er I be,
The star, that burns at Calvary.

MUSING OF A FATHER ON A SICK DAUGHTER.



In lone Bavaria's distant land, and old Germanian forest ;
Where bounds the wild primeval stag, or slow the
serpent creeps ;
I kneel'd and pray'd by trial press'd—and trials are the
sorest ;
When far from friends and happy home her vigils
sorrow keeps.

I prayed to Him whose name is Love—Paternal Deity,
That He would spare, for Jesu's sake, his meek and
saintly child ;
Or if for His own glory's sake the chastisement must be,
In judgment He'd remember love, and smile in mercy
mild.

I pray'd to Him, whose patient brows were bound with
 bleeding thorn,
 Who never quench'd the smoking flax, or broke the
 bruised reed ;
 That by His own great suffering,, so strangely, meekly
 borne,
 He'd give His weary child relief, nor fail her in her
 need.

I pray'd to Him, the Paraclete, whose gently breathing
 whisper
 Can cool the heated heart, or make its burning like the
 breeze,
 That He would still at matin bright, would still at waning
 vesper
 Shed balm upon her soul, and all her anguish'd spirit
 ease.

Child that I was, I did not think, how through the elastic
 air
 The pinions of excessive pain her mounting soul were
 bearing ;
 I did not well remember how, in glory's amphitheatre,
 Her eager soul, e'en now the notes of bliss, entranc'd
 was hearing :

She seem'd to mortal eye the earth in very pain to tread,
And everywhere she' plac'd her foot to plant it on a
thorn ;

I did not see how far above, grace lifted her dear head,
And how her meek and feeble form by angels strong
was borne.

Her thoughts were not, as mine had been, of earthly
restoration ;

She did not cling to healing help that earth or man
could give ;

Far in the welkin wide she saw, with eye of inspiration,
The stream where angels bathe their wings, and ever,
ever live :

While I was praying, blind, for days of health and summer
clime,

And asking that my prison'd bird in golden cage might
sing,

She, blessed spirit, all the while was panting for the time,
When she might stretch for "*far countrie*" her soft but
fiery wing.

Yet, gentle spirit, stay awhile within thy wintry prison,
 Nor tempt as yet the wondrous way that leadeth to thy
 home ;
 Stay, till thy Lord from his high throne in glory hath
 arisen,
 Stay till with sweet compulsion cry—"the Bride and
 the Spirit come."

Smooth still with gentle hand the way thy weary father
 treads ;
 Still pour into his bleeding heart thine own peculiar
 balm ;
 Sooth him while on thy breast he leans his faint and
 fever'd head,
 As hangs at noon the sultry breeze upon the plummy
 palm.

Yet grant great God, whate'er our way, whate'er our
 wishes be,
 That still upon thy wounded Love our aching eyes
 may gaze,
 Till tears of sorrow turn to pearls of holy sympathy,
 And grief become the Phoenix joy, and die in glory's haze.

MATTHEW XV. 30.



Oh cast me down at Jesu's feet,
I long His power to try,
For there the weak and wounded meet,
And wounded sore am I.

I've sought for help at others' hands,
But found all earth untrue ;
I've wander'd into foreign lands,
Bidding my own adieu ;

But Tabor's Hill, and Jordan's wave,
And blue Gennesareth's sea,
Oh these have seen His power to save,
And these are dear to me !

How beauteous look'd that blessed lake,
How bright the hills around,
And softer seem'd the wavelet's break,
And gentler zephyr's sound,

As drew each trembling mourner nigh
Where the great Healer stood,
Now bending on the Heaven his eye,
Now gazing on the flood,—

And lightly dash'd the parting oar
That bore away the weeping;
And lightly trod the elastic shore,
Like harts the lamest leaping—

And shall that face with tears bedew'd
No more in pity bend?
And shall those hands with love imbru'd
No more to heal extend?

Shall proud Samaria's swarthy tribe
Thy healing wonders own?
Shall sceptic Jews to these ascribe
The meed of Mercy's crown?

And I, sad tenant of the isles,
In sorer plight than they,
Shall I be sent uncheer'd by smiles,
Unheal'd by Love away?

Nay, let me ever, ever lie
At Thy pierc'd feet, O Lord,
And drink Thy flowing sympathy,
And live upon Thy word.

ST. THOMAS'S EVE.

The sun shone brightly on the eve
Of good St. Thomas' day ;
And softer seem'd the sea to heave,
And gentler was the play
Of weary wind and falling wave,
Like tears and smiles upon a grave.

It seem'd as though recovering nature
Were conscious of the time ;
And deck'd each wan and wintry feature
In smiles from southern clime,
As waiting for the sun's return
In the lamenting north again to burn.

But why, St. Thomas, gentle Saint
Hast thou the shortest day
Of all the live-long year to chant
Thy happy festal lay.

Why basks brave Peter in the summer sun
Whilst thou trill'st high and sad thy winter wait alone?

Haply that we may, serious, bear

Thy mournful lapse in mind ;

For seems not, like thy faith, the year

To doubt or die inclin'd ?

And therefore down the falling floods of time

By thee the Church would raise her warning song sublime.

THE SEA RAIL, A TYPE.

BRIGHTON EAST CLIFF.



Along the famous ocean wall

There runs a wooden rail,

Lean on the wood, nor fear to fall,

'Tis strong and will not fail.

The high tide cannot reach so high,

And the wind races idly by.

The fair hand of the summer wave

The silver sea beach washes,

And 'gainst the wall when tempests rave

The foam-crest madly dashes.

Yet, fear not, for the fence is good,

Trust all thy weight upon the wood.

Ah, oft along that royal road
We've wandered.....and I,
And oft we've eyed the ocean broad
And smiled—how seriously!
For well we knew, no need revealing
By slow-pac'd words each other's feeling.

Not half so fair the silver sails
That brighten in the sun,
As those rough emblematic rails
Along the cliff that run;
For those shall fade when day declines,
But hope through these for ever shines.

Then go again, and touch the wood,
Lean all thy weight thereon;
Gaze downwards on the foam and flood,
Or list the sea-bird's moan;
And smile at trials, labour, love, or loss,
Thus leaning all thy weight upon the cross.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL—

A Vision.



THE LAW.

I beheld, and lo ! the one

Like the night came on ;

When the loud winds ride

O'er the mountain's side,

And the tempest is born—

Red it came

As the lightning's flame ;

Its footsteps under

Moaned the thunder,

And the rocks were torn,

And the reins of men were rent asunder—

A mighty voice the silence broke,

The quick flames sank back in the rolling smoke,

And the earth for a moment ceas'd to quake

As God in silence audible of law and judgment spake.

THE GOSPEL.

The sounds are o'er, the clouds have disappear'd
But a gentle voice, like even-song is heard.

It whispers low of solemn quiet,
Feast and fast and holy diet ;
Harvest rich from holy tears,

And, for shirt of hair and mourning,
Vesture such as virgin wears,

Bright with gold on bridal morning :
Where'er the gentle whispers stray
Vanish remorse and gloomy fear away.

Her footsteps are known
By the flowers that have grown
In sweet spontaneous birth,
Since with beautiful feet she walked the earth ;

Whilst o'er the dim and distant hills
A rosy-dawning light,
That heaven and earth with mellow'd radiance fills,
Sheds on the heart of man the stillness of delight.

The stars bend o'er her as she takes her way,
The summer lightnings round her play ;

The earth heaves up its breast, to meet
The beauteous "preparation" of her feet :
The waves fall softly as she passeth near,
And curb their heads her voice to hear :
Circling with silken wing the dove
Hovers before, and sings of love ;
The flocks from thousand hills self-offer'd come,
The groves breathe forth their spices and their bloom ;
And the cloud-cover'd mountains
Call to the moist-marg'd fountains,
And rock and valley echo to the word,
And sweetly talk of peace restored—
Till voice a moment folds her sounding wings,
And throbbing silence eloquently sings
Of Him, who left awhile creation's throne
To seek the heart of man, and make it all His own.

SUPPLICATION.



Draw near O Lord, Eternal Spirit, come,
Nearer than ever thou wast wont to be ;
Into this very room
Descend, and see
How sad the sweetest chamber, void of Thee.

Yea, come blest Spirit of refreshment, strike
My rocky bosom, let the waters flow ;
Cut deep the channel'd dyke,
That all may know
How thy mysterious trident reacheth low.

My heart, O Saviour, weary is and dry,
And all around me darkness is outspread ;
Let mercy from on high
Descend, and shed
Its showery sunbeams on my heart and head.

So shall the flowers of hope, like balm or myrtle,
In dreariest times their sweets and beauty show ;
And peace, like dove-ey'd turtle,
Or softest flow
Of whispering stream, be mine where'er I go.

DOMESTIC SUBJECTS,

AND OF THE

AFFECTIONS.

ON SEEING IN A BOOK, "J. K——, JUN."

CHIEFLY ON MY FATHER'S DEATH.



How strange the power that links to meanest things
Mysterious charms ! Strange that a hasty touch
Of memory's wand should disenchant the mind
Of all the filling present, and invest
The shadowy past with substance—voice or verse
Fragment of song, blue cloud or colour'd sky
Will ope at times the windows of the soul,
Pour a pale light within, and silver o'er
Each thought with gentle grief or gild with joy !

Why from my bosom rose that pensive sigh
As on that name I gaz'd ? A brother's name,
Dear from my cradle, dear from childhood—loved
With warmer love as each maturer grew,
And summer ripen'd all the hopes of spring.

A brother's name ! but oh how strange a tale
One little word declares of changed existence !
Age has gone down and youth has ceas'd to be—
For who can keep the character of son,
When he that was his honor'd Father dies ?

He would not thus inscribe his cypher now :
Senior and Junior, both alike have lost
The blest afix ; sad independance sits
On either brow : they stand apart and mute,
Nor ask for letters of distinguishment ;
The wall that parts two worlds divideth them.

The flowers have all come out since HE went hence ;
The forest has been green and gay ; the birds
Have sung their love-songs ; piping to the morn
The lark has scal'd his cloudy stairs, and all
The summer tribes have had their summer joys :
But cold the while thine honour'd head has laid
My father ! Thou no more can'st taste the joy
That fills the frame, when Spring puts forth her power,
And comes with life o'erloaded ; not for thee
Peeps the gilt crocus from its summer grave,
Or lily later loads the air with love.

Yet still fond memory sadly turns to thee
With backward glance ; turns to the flowers thou'st wont
In spring to scent, the birds thou lov'dst to hear,
The sun that cheer'd thee and the gale that fann'd,
And rescues from the past its hoarded joys.

They do not die whose memory fills the scenes
Living they lov'd : it is not death when all
That tells of present pleasure speaks of them !
The gentle flower that yields its sunny life
Within some precious volume closely press'd
Dies not, though deem'd to die : its hues may fade,
And its soft petals hard become and sere,
But all that gave it value lives when form
And freshness perish ; and the eye that scans
The learned page will gladly pause, and pay
Love's tender tribute to the pledge of love.

And thou, enshrin'd in childrens' hearts, and wept
By widows' tears, although the coffin hold
Thy mortal dust, and pent within a tomb
Thy generous bosom beat with love no more—
Child of a fading race, though sire to us ;

Tenant that once wast lord ; possessor once
But now in strict possession guarded—thou
Thy children's honour, their inheritance ;
Name of their names, fountain that fed their streams ;
Thou can'st not die to them ! Each tree thou planted'st
Recording in eternal green* their births,
Each chamber for their comfort plann'd, each walk
Traced for their feet ; grove, fountain, garden, grot ;
All tell of thee, all speak a father's love,
And bid the tears of orphan'd children flow.

Ah who would boast of Life ! where is the grain
Can turn Time's scythe or bide the touch of death ?
The marble tomb receives the honour'd sire
Cold in his shroud reposing ; comes the son
Vigorous and young, heir to his father's name
His wealth, his bearing : o'er the accustom'd fields
He walks as he that went before, and plans
As he, whose span is over, plann'd before ;
No care that moved the sire but moves the son,
His dreamy nights have all been dreamt before—

* Ilexes.

His are the trials now, the anxious schemes
The rising hopes ; one pulse is still, but all
To the same tune of care another beats.

Grave of my father, tomb of honour'd worth,
We do thee reverence—we, though far remov'd
By many an interposing stream or hill,
Round thy dear tomb in silent musing stand
And count thy virtues o'er, and bless thy name !
What though no more thy well-known voice be heard
Nor smile encourage nor displeasure check ?
What though unheard by thee the throstle sing
His morning carol, or at later eve
Pour his full soul in wild wood music forth ?
What though the hawthorn weave no more for thee
Its robe of pink, for thee the garden shed
No blossom'd odour and the woods no song ?
Thou need'st not such : thy blossom is the flower
That hangs o'er life's fair river ; on thine ear
Dwelleth the everlasting harmony
Which Angels make, when mingling harp and high
Chorus of praise with white rob'd worshippers,
They bend in adoration ; o'er the throng

Rises the wave of music ; the bright spheres
Catch the blest echo ; and the spreading joy
Wakes into newer life each raptur'd soul.

What tho' to us thy widow and thy children
Life seems more solitary now, and wears
A lonelier aspect ; and the battle seems
More arduous, and the struggle harder—still
God bids us stand, who's he shall make us fall ?
The arm that strengthened thee shall strengthen us—
Thy refuge was the shadow of the rock
That fell on weary land ; the purple wave
That gush'd from out Love's smitten side, to thee
Was bath and fountain ; by His staff upheld
Thou trod'st the solitary wilderness ;
And now from toil reposing, thy blest shade
Haply on us that struggle on, looks down ;
And gathers in, like eager steed, the time,
And counts it long, till we, from care escap'd
Calm resting on the bosom of our Lord,
Like thee shall in eternal peace lie down.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.



In the month of December, 1808, the house of my Father, (Escot, Devonshire,) was burnt down. The fire broke out at about six o'clock, and there being a great deal of old timber in it, and the roof, which was flat, being covered with lead, it was in a few hours quite consumed. It had been built by Inigo Jones. I remember its appearance, that of a great blazing skeleton, as we were taken as children, at about eleven o'clock at night, to the neighbouring town of Ottery St Mary to sleep.

My Father after a short time enlarged a cottage close to the great western road, which by the almost annual addition of a room grew to what might be termed a cluster of chambers rather than a house. My brother rebuilt the house on the ancient site; and it was the removal to this from the cottage residence, to which my mother had become extremely attached, that gave rise to the following verses.



With how deep silence, yet majestic song,
Bearing within its crystal-bosom'd wave
The inborn image of tranquillity,
Rolls the broad stream of time ! The hours of youth,
Long days and longer years, successive smiles,
Successive sorrows, laughter loud, and sighs
Deep as the centre, ripen'd plans and void

Float on the mighty current—On it runs
Lord of our destinies, with silent hand
Destroying or restoring ; scattering wide
The seeds of future change, or gathering in
Its ample harvest—at whose bidding fall
The leaves of autumn or the tribes of men,
States or their hoary Fathers, Prince or Peer,
Palace or pageant ; for the mighty power
Sweeps like the circling sky when scattering clouds
Deface the welkin, and the tempest-king
Lets slip his treasur'd coursers.

Far away

In many a distant solitude repose
Sequester'd hearts ; they wake at morning prime
In happy joyance, and they lay them down
When softly on the slope the shadows fall ;
Small care have they of camp or kingly court ;
Encircled by their native hills they dwell,
Each his own centre ; bearing each the bloom
Of social charities, as she* that loved
Her own few people better than the world.

* "I dwell among my own people."—2 Kings iv. 13.

Yet e'en to these, though silent and remote,
Reaches the wondrous stream ; no devious bay
No inland creek, how much soe'er removed,
Eludes the wandering waters. Calm they live,
And calmer still 'mid weeping friends they die ;
Calm is their sunny youth and green old age ;
And yet the changes of mortality
Are theirs as all men's : change is theirs and chance
Distance and dark division, and the strife
Of wounded feeling, and the stress of toil—
Friends part unfriendly ; waxes pale the lamp
Of loving hearts ; like summer roses fade
Smiles erst so bright it seem'd they could not die ;
Homes are deserted where no foreign foot
Has e'er been planted ; and the frequent tear
Ploughs as deep channel here, as in the walls
Where proud men revel, or where captives sigh.

And thou, my mother ! tranquil though the home
Wherein thou dwellest ; and the storms that break
The masts of mightiest empires, hardly reach
The green depths of thy silent valley—thou
Must bear the dark vicissitudes of life—
Change following all, will scarcely fly from thee.

The change e'en now commences : slowly move
The freighted waggons ; bustling menials urge
Their rapid work ; confusion absolute
Sits o'er the scene ; while jests and laughter loud
Tell the strange sights that rummaged chests disclose

They little think, careless of heart and dull,
How sad the work their busy fingers ply.
'Tis mind they're moving—'tis the verdant boughs
They're tearing off, where mind and memory hang
Their golden recollections—down they fall
Branch after branch, impossible once fallen
Again to flourish—for the *forester*
That planted them sleeps soundly in his grave.

With china cups those rising shelves* adorn'd
While at its base the circling bowls repose,
Where cleanliness, sweet maiden, loves to bathe,
'Twas *his* conception—rifled now and bare
Almost it seems as he were rifled too.

That sideboard stood for twenty years and more
By mirror'd pane and gilded tracery
Surmounted as he placed it. I remember
How pleased he viewed the finished work, and smiled.

* A set of shelves, to hold old china.

Those glasses which poor vanity will oft
With dimpled smile and pausing tread survey
Deeming the mirror favour'd that may hold
So fair a face—'twas he that placed them there.
Whilst thou, my mother, pliedst the shining shears,
And square or circle wreathed with paper flowers.

'Twas he that lighted up those coloured panes,
That now on stranger hearts shall pour their warmth.

Those books have slept within their narrow shelves,
Just as he left them when he laid him down,
Himself to sleep the dreamless sleep below.
Piled on that truck, alas ! they tell no more
Their former tale ; they're dumb for memory,
And all their pleasant tones have died away.

So night's sweet bird, from England's shore removed,
Tells not the tale she told in hawthorn dell ;
Her loud sweet song of tender tone is hush'd,
And the deep fountains of her music dry.

Yes, all is change ; and Time himself that loves
(Omnific changer he) man's work to mar,
Feels the quick shocks, the mimic earthquake gives.

No more upon their marble floors repose
His sweet-voiced daughters.* On their golden brows
No more he sees the sculptur'd texts that tell
How mortal men eternal homes may gain.
Caught by rude hands away, in other scenes
They charm thee with their silver tongues, but here
The weary hours in silent gloom must roll.

Myself a spoiler too—the watch I wear
Which pressed, returns an answer sweet as true,
'Twas *his* companion—day by day he bore
The tuneful burden, and when frosty age
Within its bars confin'd him, still it hung
His ever present monitor, to tell
How the day wore, when came the hour for meals,
Or when for reading ; when the prancing pair
By faithful coachman urg'd, would bear him out
With gentlest daughter, or to scent the air
Or smile with sightless eye-balls on the sun.
It tells for me the tale it told for him,
When striking on his soul it wak'd the keys
That move eternal harmonies—no more

* Several French clocks with texts of Scripture on their dial-plates.

Such voice thou need'st ! Thyself art drinking now
Eternity's broad river, since the night
When pulse and time-piece both together stopped.

'Twas a dull night, the night my father died—
The murky air stood still ; the wind was hush ;
Stars there were none : the melancholy trees,
Trees that his hand had planted, thrust their boughs
Dark, still and shapeless into the thick mist
That hung about them ; only the gentle flow
Of his own stream made music to the night—

* * * *

And now that bed where last he lay, must leave
Its old enclosure ; and the curtain'd thoughts
That hung so thick around it, all must die.
For deep association's lovely plant
Will only bloom where first it grew and flower'd :
Its tender blossoms fade away and fall,
Tho' gentlest hands transplant it, e'er so nigh—
Association's cradle is its grave.

Such thoughts will stagger manhood, and will ope
Haply the deep-down fountain of his tears
And stain his beauty—tender they and sad,

Like that enchanting music that I heard,
As quietly last night I lay, what time
The stars were falling ; glided the soft strains
Thro' the thick gloom impurpled, as thy wave,
Chaste Arethuse, runs blushing through the deep.

Yet mourn not, mother ! mourn not as the heart
Of worldlings mourn, who seek in pilgrim tent
The strength and beauty of the eternal home—
Or if some tears will start, oh let them fall
Big soft and tender, as they trickled down
The conscious cheeks of hapless Eve, when torn
From all she lov'd or knew, she wandered forth
Mute sad and silent ; leaving her pale flowers
And all the records of her innocence,
And rain'd down beautiful sorrow, sowing all
The desert with the deep blue flowers of thought—
Where'er the tear-drops fell the violets grew.

It ill becomes a sinner much to grieve
For earthly change ; ever his harp should wake
To strains of humble grief or holy hope :
And who that but a little while hath sat
Beneath some spreading tree, listing the song

Of summer bird, or his that to the ear
Of shivering winter, perched on topmost bough
Trills low and clear his sunset music—who
That few brief days has spent, or briefer hours
With holy friends, on such brief hours can look
And not for sorrow? Chequer'd is the path
The happiest tread, with sunshine speck'd and shade
And the shade deepens as the way goes on.

Turn but thine eyes upon the backward scene
Thyself shalt find it—small the greatest change
That man can make, but small compared with that
Which time and death are making; trifling even that
Which now thy tender heart so deeply tries.
What tho' the chamber'd thoughts of love and home
Dear treasury of all lovely memories,
Remembered sorrows and remembered joys
Are all, like scent vase, wasted and o'erthrown?
Yet these are not life's great realities;
With darker waters and with deeper stream
Flows the great river of the hopes of man.

'Tis true that never more that tranquil spot
Shall be thy home; no more that garden spread

For thee its colours, or that lawn its green ;
No more those curious beds for thee dispose
Their tufted flowers, as, when at summer tide
Thou mad'st thy way their winding walks between,
Or sat'st in cool verandah's tempered shade :
True that no more, like sentinel on tower,
Thou'lt eye the passing traveller, and watch
What time the rapid mail with fervid wheel
Shall bring the expected letter, or the horn
Shall wake its welcome music, telling all
The narrow valley that some guest arrives
Or child more welcome far to mother's heart—
Yet weep not thou my mother—what tho' all
The garland of past joy be dry and dead
In no new spring to blossom ; still the year,
The great the crowning year of perfect bloom,
Bloom without bud and without blossom fruit,
Comes hasting on : on golden anchor leaning
Rears youthful Hope her joyous form, and smiles ;
And sickly Expectation wakes her up
And languidly looks forth to see HIS form,
Whom worlds so long have languished to behold.

Yes, weep not ; for the places of our homes
Are all but grave yards, graves of buried love
And buried friendship, grassy mounds whereon
Though sprent with flowers, soft harebell, daisy bright,
And gentle primrose, lie the wasted forms
Of those whose living friendship was our life.

And ought we, mother, many tears to shed
If forced, like him that hid his madman's heart
In lonely nakedness mid the cold tombs,
To leave our house of darkness and to bask
In the dear sunshine of a Saviour's love?

There is no home on earth for heavenward heart ;
No spot on which God's pilgrim children find
Rest for the foot, or pillow for the head,
Or bay wherein their anchor'd barks may ride.
Still toils the tumbling ocean, still the earth
Heaves vex'd with fires volcanic, thunder rolls
Through the hot heaven, winds drive across the plain ;
Rises the day in clouds, or sets in storm.

We may not dream of home where every tongue
Speaks a strange language ; where the earth and sky,
And winds for music made, and hills for light,

Fountains for song, and valley deep for rest,
Are all discordant and untun'd, and shew
Engraven on their melancholy forms,
The iron footmarks of the foreigner,
Deep as the central caves from whence he came.

Leave, therefore, leave in peace and tranquil thought
And holy resignation, the lov'd spot,
From which God leads thy feet. It is not all
As poetry would paint it : places tell sad tales—
Remembered places are remembered sins,
And ever through their melancholy walks
Wander the weary ghosts of pleasures gone.

But 'tis not exile thine : no weary way
To distant land or men of foreign tongue—
Thou changest only as the seasons change
When winter, dreary wight, gives up the ghost
And leaves his dry bowers to the flowery spring.
A few short paces and again thy rest
Is found amid the home of early joys.
There gushing first the fount of marriage peace
Flow'd swift and smooth : there still the graven beech
Tells how within one band two hearts were bound :

There first thou kiss'd thine eldest born, and drank'st
In silent musings inexpressible
Maternal rapture from his deep blue eye :
There first around his mother's neck he clasped
His baby arms, and made thine heart to sing
At the soft music of a mother's name :
And there in coming years, while God shall please
To grant thee life, there shall those little arms
Strong now and stalwart grown, support thy steps,
Which once so joyfully supported his.

Lift mother to the hills thine eyes, for all
From base to summit they are deck'd with hope.
Though cloud may gather and tho' darkness steal
In this fall'n world o'er many a summer scene,
Yet morning urges still her harness'd steeds
That stabled in the shady bowers of night,
And clouds and darkness fly before the day.
We sail one sea together, sire and son
Mother and daughter, separate or near,
By seas divided or by land conjoined,
Still on the self-same ocean-path we drive,
Still to the self-same wind our sails are set.

We hear the straining cordage as we sail,
We list the dashing wave and howling wind ;
Indignantly the tempest rocks us now
And now is quiet ; still we sail along,
The soul our cargo, and our sea the world.

The sun showers down upon our pilgrim way
His blessed beams ; the millionaire stars
Glitter for us ; and the pale moon lights up
Monthly for us her silver lamp of love :
For all is mercy, mercy the red stream
That flows from fountain'd love. And tho' we grieve
(As those that having travelled the long day
Through nature's glories, cliff and stately rock
Forest and fountain, waterfall and mere,
And winding stream, at each delicious turn
Surpassing all that went before ; at length
Look backward as the shadows longer fall,
And see the mountains that at morn were bright
As mantling gold, all covered with grey clouds,
Yet turn again and see the dazzling west
A golden sea with verdant isles adorned)—
So to the west, dear mother, turn we too—

For there, beneath the setting suns of time,
Bright as a sapphire, heaving, bright and broad,
The boundless ocean of eternity
In tranquil glory lies. Bathe there thy soul
Thy weary soul ; for blessed is the wave—
Bethesda broad for all the ills of time.

Its bays are all with anchor'd vessels full,
Once toss'd about upon a stormy world,
But now at rest for ever. Wave is none
Save that which gently curling serves to shew
The glancing fire phosphoric, or to breathe
The murmured music of excessive bliss.

Bathe there thy soul, my mother ! Jesus walks
On that bright sea ; cast anchor by His side ;
Lean on His bosom, labour in His love ;
And thou shalt never leave thy home again,
For His Pavilion is the Universe,
And where His glory dwells, it must be home !

MY FATHER.



My father is dead ! There is no more to me
A father to look to, a father to see !
My father is dead, and I miss him full sore,
Though his eye it was dim, and his head it was hoar ;
Though frail was his footstep, and feeble his knee,
Yet still he was mine, he was father to me.

My father is dead, and he meets me not now
With love in his bosom, and peace on his brow :
No more his thrice welcome good-morrow shall prove
How fresh in its age was the verdure of love ;
For the fountain that flowed at the foot of the tree
It rises no more for the father to me !

No more shall I linger at evening to talk
Of the garden and grove and the river-side walk ;
No more shall he tell us the tales of the past,
The pomp of the Sultan, the pride of the East ;
For the cistern is broken of sweet memorie,
And silent's the tongue that was music to me.

No more, when the hour of our vespers is near,
Shall the voice of a father invite us to hear ;
No more, when our simple devotions are done,
Shall a father's amen echo back to his son ;
Yes, prayer may be soothing, but never again
Shall it close in the depth of that hearty amen.

The loud-throated lark is aloft on the wing
From his watch tower to welcome the footsteps of Spring ;
The blackbird is tuning his note with the thrush,
And the wren is alive in the dark holly bush ;
But never again shall those warblers beguile
The eyeless old man to that beautiful smile.

The flowers of the Spring, all the earliest and best,
For whom do they open, for whom are they drest ?
The early jonquil, the first sprig of the briar,
No more shall we bring them with pride to our sire—
Oh the groves may be tuneful, the garden may bloom,
What boots it to him that is laid in the tomb ?

MUSINGS ON PARTING.



My sisters, did ye visit ever
Broad torrent or redundant river,
Which mountain streams, incessant falling,
Have swollen, the shepherd's heart appalling?
 So swells the heart
With torrent tide of grief, when comes the hour to part.

In her lone nest the cushat sits,
Sweet philomel uneasy flits
From spray to spray, in her green hawthorn dwelling,
To all the listening dale her sorrow telling:
 Such is the power
Of absence and sad love, by wood and waving bower.

But tell me why, my sisters tell
By forest, fountain, or by fell,
So to herself kind Nature, aye, is true,
Investing with love's indestructive hue
 All that her hand has decked,
Prone instinct's lowly gaze and sky-ward intellect.

Is it that all creation pants
In travail pang of speechless wants,
For that bright day when sated hope shall die?
Softens for this the gazelle's tender eye?

Do leaves feel sympathy,
Fanning their summer breasts around their parent tree?

Vain wish, to search Creation's springs!
Scorning the quest she spreads her wings,
And upwards mounts, with flight untiring,
And pours dishonour on our bold aspiring:

Enough to know
How thro' the wasted world love's lucid waters flow—

Enough to know, that happiness
Deigns not alone the brow to bless
Which only smiles perennial wears,
But cheers the mourner prison'd and in tears,
And loves to lie
Couch'd in the crystal cave of sad affection's eye.

And may we not be well content,
Breathing that balmy element
Which holy household charities inform?
What is the riot of the midnight storm
If safe together
Within our lowly cot we list the madding weather?

Such thoughts console me, as I gaze
On the low sun, whose fiery rays
Are gather'd in by stormy-curtained eve ;
Such lately cheer'd me when constrain'd to leave
That sacred spot
Where Love first lit his torch and tied his cunning knot.

I thought how scanty is the tide
Where barks of human pleasure ride ;
And how it ill beseem'd the mourner, sighing
At vanish'd days, to deem all hope is dying,
While swiftly roll
Tears down his pensive cheek and sorrows o'er his soul—

I thought how dry were earth and curst,
By storms uncradled and unnurs'd ;
How wan the smile of lovely spring would be,
If winter held no cloudy revelry,
But cold and clear
All thro' the northern months, sang shrill the frozen air.

For priceless are affections tears ;
Rich as the nard, that kept for years
In alabaster box, was pour'd
By weeping sinner on her pardoning Lord ;
So fragrant move
Love's tear drops down the channel'd cheek of love.

And we, my sisters, that have known
Love's lingerings, when the months were gone,
The social months like evening guest departed ;
Shall we lie down in sadness tender-hearted ?

Or wandering rather
In sorrow's star-light world, the flowers of wisdom gather ?

For who that's felt the parting pang,
Has wish'd that Love had never sang
His still notes in his ear ? it is the hour
Triumphant of her melancholy power,

When from on high
Upon the heart she pours her silver archery.

Bear witness tears that overflow'd
The pale eye of the Son of God !
Bear witness every gracious word
In loving John's pathetic pages stor'd,
The fond adieu

Of Jesus to his friends, the sad, the faithful few !

Then turn we gentle sisters turn
From cypress grove or marble urn ;
Turn we with hearts attun'd to praise,
Since He the author of our lives, the guardian of our days
Has deign'd to shine
Upon the mourner's path, and made that path divine.

TO A BROTHER IN INDIA.



My home ! my home ! the soldier cries,
When, couch'd upon a rocky bed,
Beneath the starry-curtain'd skies
He lays to rest his weary head ;
Then safe beneath my mantling vine
I'll quaff my cup of rosy wine.

My home ! the wanderer on the sea—
Then lays him on the deck, and gazing
Full on the deep, sees tower and tree,
And quiet cot its sweet form raising,
Till, vanish'd billow bark and foam,
He bathes his soul in thoughts of home.

And brother, haply thou hast sigh'd,
As o'er Etawah's plains of gold
Thou'st seen the Sun descend in pride
Like chief in blood-stain'd mantle roll'd ;
And thought how that declining sun
Riseth thy native hills upon.

No exile from my home am I,
I sail not o'er the bounding wave ;
I list not, couch'd beneath the sky,
The spirit of the tempest rave ;
But peace and dear domestic forms,
These, these are mine, not camps or storms.

And yet there is a sacred spot
Which tender feet with mine have trod,
By vulgar eyes regarded not,
Not unregarded of our God ;
And dearer far that spot to me
Than house, or home, or greenwood tree.

And oh ! where'er my footsteps roam,
To that beloved cynosure,
My longing thoughts untravell'd come :
O fount of joy as Naiad pure,
May never cloud or care defile
The mirror of that peaceful smile.

A DREAM OF EARLY LIFE.



It was a dream of beauty—
I laid me down to rest, and on my eyes
The poppy dew descended, soft and slow,
Like tears of evening ; on my limbs was spread
The mantle of refreshment, while the soul
Of dull forgetfulness, all interfused
With mine, in thrice threefold embraces lay.
A weight was on my bosom—like the weight
Of Alp or snow-topp'd Appenine, or they
That sleep so high, the mountain Kings of France—
A weight, but not of mountains ; 'twas the wing'd
Imperious boy that stood there—Call'd anon
Came rolling clouds, and came a mighty sea,
All silent, waveless, tideless ; on the shore

We went like those that love, like them—but oh
How different ! not ours the mutual look
That needs no dull interpreter, but cold,
Whene'er those eyes met mine, like boughs at morn
All dank with dew they droop'd—So on we went,
She on a gentle palfrey, silver maned
And bright with star spots, pacing like a cloud,
I walking by her side—The golden sun
Came forth, as I have seen it come, in round
And rayless honour, like a King uncrown'd
And wrapt in royal mourning; for the sky
Was colourless, a copper'd blank expanse
With no soft break, by sunbeam cloud or shower.

How far we went together thus, along
The silver sea-beach, I remember not ;
For life in dreams is a strange mystery,
And memory wakes at times, then sleeps again
A marble sleep ; the quick entombs, and makes
The dead arise ; calls future past, and past
The future ; mingling without harmony
Uniting without union—But 'tis past
That night's dark dream, and the succeeding day's

Expensive agony, and all the long
Delusive hours, through which I followed Hope
Down pleasant vistas blushing thick with flowers
But terminating in the deepest shade—

Enough that she departed, and that I
Was left with breaking heart to weep alone,
Bereft but not forsaken—One was there
Unseen but not unseeing, not unheard,
In accents softer than the breath of sleep
Whispering of peace—oh can I e'er forget
That smile He wore, when from my side he drew
Memory's barb'd arrow forth, and planted there
The fairest olive branch that ever thou
Boasted'st or Palestine or Italy,
On all the bosom of thy sloping hills?

The purple plumes of fair Romance have now
Few charms for me ; the bright and banner'd host,
Where move the mingled crowd to measures breath'd
Softly to the loud clarion (weary War
Couching at Love's soft feet) where spear for wand,
And shields for mirrors are, delight no more—
Delights no more the mingling pride of life

Its vaunting and its vainness ; the tall ladder
Whereon Ambition climbs ; and the fair slope
Down which her gliding stream soft pleasure rolls—
Delight me not the Senate and the Bar
As once they pleas'd ; I cannot bear it now
Their undisguis'd idolatry, the loud
And melancholy discord of their halls—
How rarely there is heard my Master's name,
How rarely honour'd ! Blessed Master, thou
Hast marked me for thine own ; hast bid me brace
Thy buckler on, and wear the gilded spurs
Of heavenly knighthood ; not for tilting game
In camps and tented fields, but calm yet firm
Guiding down Love's sequester'd vale the steed
Of patient hope—not unaccompanied—
For meekly shining, like the star that shews,
At sunset after storms, her peaceful brow,
So on my brow her peaceful lustre sheds
My gentle star ; it rose in Western Isle,
There where Hibernia chafes the pent Atlantic,
And knows no setting since, and none may know—
Still o'er life's dark and stormy way preside

Its gentle power ; 'till bursting from His chamber
The prison'd Planet of ten thousand saints
Lifts high His holy head with blessings crown'd.
And honor, melting both in his own beams—
And spreading wide His mantle work'd with light,
And dyed in Love's most costly sacrifice,
In one eternal glory all involves.

“A REPLY—1826.”



Nay, ask me not again

To pay the idle tribute of a song,

Thou wilt not love the strain—

Nor mine the breath of praise, nor pleasure's honied
tongue.

I cannot weave a lay

To please the lightsome heart of lady fair ;

And song is all too gay

For me the wayward child of thoughtful care.

No fair Castalian muse

E'er deigns with visions bright my steps to haunt ;

But evening brings her dews,

And night is my star-circled visitant.

Thee, night and thy soft shades

I love, thou art my own Egeria ; thee

I prize above the maids

That sip the fragrant dews of Castaly.

For oh how oft with thee

I've wandered out into the valleys vast
Of sad ey'd memory ;

And learnt high lessons from the pictur'd past !

Alas ! how few the hours !

That ask not bitter tears of late regret !
Hopes blighted, misus'd powers
And thoughts that we would perish to forget.

Then lady marvel not

That I should loathe the idlesse of a song ;
I have not all forgot

The lessons learnt night's glimmering fires among.

Thou smil'st and deem'st it strange

That lips so young should tell of aught but gladness ;
Oh think on mortal change,

Think if thou can'st, and keep a truce with sadness.

ON THE DEATH OF H. M. H. AT SEVEN
YEARS OLD.

ADDRESSED TO HIS PARENTS.



Oh say not, say not so,
'Tis almost deadly sin
To wish again, just 'scap'd this world of woe,
His bright emancipate spirit pent below
Its mortal coil within :

Oh ! if that passion flower
Blossom'd so passing fair,
Despite the wintry dæmon's jealous power,
Despite the clouds of sin that darkling lower
On this low world of care ;

How must it bloom above

To bowers of bliss transplanted !

Where happy hours in order'd measure move

While beams the bright broad eye of endless love

On all those regions sainted !

Wish not the wand'rer back ;

Oh heard'st thou, heard'st thou not

How as above the cloudy rack

He soar'd sublime into Heaven's shining track,

He pour'd a joyous note ?

How as he sprang the stars among

He shook his angel wings,

And as he floated forth on pinions strong,

Rais'd loud and sweet the blest redeeming song

The ransom'd sinner sings ?

Heard'st thou those voices clear,

That burst of bright angelic joy,

That fill'd Heaven's Amphitheatre,

As near its threshold and more near

Approach'd thy sainted Boy ?

'Twas they the cherub band,

Who thought it long that one, so meet

Among the saints of God to stand,

Should linger in a foreign land,

In haste that soul to meet.

Saw'st thou the lovely child

In spotless robe array'd,

Whilst all Heaven's glittering pavement smil'd

With "roses thick thrown off," and lightnings mild

Around his bright brow play'd ?

Wish not the wand'rer back :

Oh would'st thou have him feel

The mortal pangs that make thy senses ache,

The dying thirst thou try'st in vain to slake,

The wounds thou can'st not heal ?

His days were bright and few

The week days of his pilgrimage ;

Came the bright Sabbath morn impearl'd with dew,

When straight to Heaven's high argent fields he flew,

His sun-bright heritage.

Then weep not, sorrow not,

Cheer up those looks so dim

Sad parents ; practise now the joyous note,

That ye shall chant for aye on golden rote

Imparadis'd with him.

My wrapt soul seems to rove

Beyond the bounds of time, the world's low fever

When thou shalt meet thy sainted child above,

And clasp inseparable hands, in love

Ineffable for ever.

ON A SLEEPING INFANT IN MARBLE
AT KILLERTON.*

The Infant's hand is on its breast, and holds a lily and a rose,
on which a Butterfly has just lighted.

How still, by no distracting dreams
Oppress'd, the babe reposes,
And seems—alas, and only seems,
To breathe the breath of roses !

No frowns are on its placid brow,
Nor sunny smiles of gold ;
Nor life is there with ruddy glow,
Nor death with kisses cold.

Yet all is love—those baby fingers
Curl'd that cold breast above,
The smile that on its eyelid lingers
Is redolent of love.

* The seat of Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., in Devonshire.

Time cannot lay his dusty hand
Upon that spotless brow,
Age may not wave his shadowy wand
About that breast of snow—

For there, by time and age improving,
The vagrant butterfly,
Dear Psyche's emblem, tired of roving
Sips immortality.

And there the rose with petal pale,
And lily hangs its head ;
They do not taste the evening gale,
But yet they will not fade.

Press, gently press thy swelling pillow,
Stir not a limb, sweet child ;
The Halcyons feather on the billow
May wake its waters wild.

Dream I, or does fond hope beguile
My fancy to my vow ?
Or plays indeed a roseate smile
About those lips of snow ?

For brighter beams than wont to stray
From soft Eirene's* eye,
Break all around, like dawn of day
Blushing in eastern sky—

* The word "*Peace*" is upon the sarcophagus, on which the Infant is lying.

Haply the reflex glory caught
From angel pinions, spread
With light, from happy regions brought,
To bathe thine infant head—

(For oft at hour of matin prayer
I've watch'd the shifting light,
And deem'd thy spirit hover'd there
'Mid squadron'd Cherubs bright ;

And oft I've watch'd that stony lid
Until the marble seem'd
Almost to move self-opened,
Alas ! I only dream'd !)

Sleep on, sleep on—'tis better thus
At early rest to be,
Than sail in shatter'd bark with us
Mortality's broad sea :

Sleep on—enjoy thy dreamless slumbers
Sweet marble purity ;
Oh, to shake off this flesh that cumbers
To be at home with thee !

TO THE HON. MRS. L. K.

OLD YEAR'S NIGHT.



Why ask me, bridal sister, why
To weave an idle rhyme?
The waves have roll'd full swiftly by
The onward waves of time,
Since first by fair-hair'd hope beguil'd
I look'd upon the muse, and smil'd.

And now the thoughts so fondly cherished,
Like page perus'd and turn'd,
From memory's tablet all have perish'd
Untimely and unmourn'd;
And hard it is, by grot or glen,
To wake the voice of hope agen.

But pensive eve's poetic light
Has magic still for me;
I love the river's loud delight
Or plaintive minstrelsy—
The cloud-shades wandering as they will
O'er mirror'd lake or sloping hill.

For who can quite forget the past,
Or fancy quite entomb?
Still rise her shadows dim and vast
Amid the years to come:
What wand'rer by the castled Rhine
Forgets how bright those castles shine?

But visions of the olden time,
Louise, we must forego,
Save those the holy and sublime
On prophet page that glow;
With them be all our souls imbued,
In crowds our charm or solitude.

Together we have seen the year,
The latest year go down;
And time, the breathless charioteer,
Still drives his coursers on;
They near the north, while dripping, yet
From southern seas, their hoofs are wet.

Like men that furrow'd care unbind,
Through pictur'd rooms we stray;
Forgetting those they leave behind
They take their easy way;
So gazing on her pictur'd tide,
Down life's successive stream we glide.

But hopes are ours, serener far
Than summer dreamers have ;
Ours is the undeclining star,
That never kiss'd the wave ;
Ours are the fires, can wake and warm
Death's slumbers and his icy arm.

And so ye deem'd, when, sisters dear,
In holy awe ye heard
The death knell of the parting year
All silent, and ador'd ;
Then rais'd to Heaven harmonious chime,
And hail'd the happy new born time !

Methinks I hear those voices now
Together as they strove,
Smoothing night's melancholy brow
With echoes soft as love ;
Methinks I hear that sweet accord
Of chanted verse and whisper'd word.

Oh ever thus the year prolong
With memory's holy rhyme !
Fill up time's pauses with a song
Blessing the Lord of Time,
Till time and tide shall pass away,
Like fading stars at burst of day !

So when the portals shall unfold
Of Heaven's eternal year,
And He that erst by man was sold
Creation's Lord appear,
May we sit down rejoicing at His side,
With HIM in suffering now, in glory then allied.

P O E M S
OF A
GENERAL CHARACTER.

POEMS

AND

ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS

TO THE VIOLET.



Come forth, come forth,
Shy daughter of the dewy-bosom'd spring ;
The wind has barr'd her chambers in the north,
And gently wakes her airy choir to sing,
Breathing her balmy inspiration through
Long groves of budding green, and skies, like ocean, blue.

Expand, expand
Thy bosom to the blessed clouds, sweet flower ;
Catch the warm rays that from his liberal hand
The golden sun, like golden seed, doth shower ;
No time for flower or leaf to loiter now,
Then gentle blue-eyed maiden, do not loiter thou.

Come forth, oh come ;
The other flowers their petals open free ;
What tho' the ripen'd orange decks her bloom
With buds, like age begirt with infancy ?
What tho' the almond blossoms,* prophet tree,
If no soft gale bring fragrant news of thee ?

* Jer. i. v. 2.

Return, return ;

Thou wert not wont to hide thyself so long :
The primrose still, pale blushing by the burn,
Lists, as in other years, his dashing song :
Or scans, as maidens in a mirror look,
Her own soft beauties in the pausing brook.

For flowers, sweet flowers,

Are types by mercy set in beauty's mould—
Smiles of the God that planted Eden's bowers,
Left lingering in a sin-worn earth and old ;
Love's writing, and his sweet melodious chime,
The earth's deep poetry, the song of time.

Then sleep, then sleep,

Timid no more within thy wintry bed ;
Thou that can'st make the laughing eye to weep,
Or dry the pensive tear that mourns the dead,
Oh come and shed thy bloom and beauty, wet
With feeling, shed it once again, dear Violet ?

WRITTEN LATE AT NIGHT IN A DRAWING
ROOM.

So all are gone, and the deserted chamber
Again seems fill'd with silent vacancy :
It is not solitude, to linger thus
Behind that pleasant company ; their tones
Still with melodious undulations fill
The airy vacancy ; and still the forms
That lately moved in gentle intercourse,
Seem present in their loveliness, and breathe
A converse deeper than the tongue can tell.

All hail such silence ! no ineloquent
Companion thou, no gloomy visitant
Bearing ungracious thoughts, but tuneable
As night's most tuneful warbler, or the note
Of day's soft spirit in her leafy bower.

How strange this combination mystical
Of shadow and of substance ! seats are here

Just as they left them, but no occupants—
Roses, but none to scent them—instruments
Of music, but no hand to stir their chords
To harmony, nor voice like babbling stream
To run along the “many twinkling” keys—
And yet the undying tones of gentle airs,
Breathed in delicious warblings, float around ;
Still melody upon her dove-like wings
Poises aloft, and lightsome plumes of sound
Come gently down ; still blushing in the pale
And tender lamp-light, cluster the sweet flowers,
And breathe of beauty, harmony, and love.

They are not gone, the friends that in the chamber
So lately moved—’tis but the earthly mould
Corruptible that’s gone—the spirit still,
Still the soft spirit of each gentle friend
Lingers, and makes dull vacancy a crowd,
And silence seem one deep and swelling song.

How calm without ! no rude discordant voice
Breaks the dead silence ; only the quiet stars
Are telling to each other their high thoughts
In Heaven’s own language ; calmly the golden moon

Up through the welkin steers her wondrous way
Musing of God ; no ripple stirs the flood ;
Of night's deep sea ; no sound is audible,
Save the loud bay of distant watch-dog roused
By passing stranger, or the echoing tread
Of lated horseman hastening to his home.

When will the charm be broken ? when shall all
This unintelligible maze of being
Break into meaning ? tarries day too long,
Tarries too long the bursting beauteous day,
That breaks, the herald of a new-born world.

Come from thy chamber, Kingly Bridegroom ! Thee,
The voice of beauty in her leafless bowers,
Thee the sweet song of liberty and love,
According ill with world so dark as this,
Unceasing calls—come from Thy chamber forth
And wave Thy wand, and the dead world renew !

Pass some few years in silent lapse away ;
Fade but a few more leaves ; descend to earth,
Dust to its kindred, sinking feebly down,
A few more corses in a few more graves—
All shall be well : one mighty burst of life,

A golden wave that sweeps in ambient glow,
Shall fill the universe ; eye, ear, tongue, soul,
Shall catch the blest contagion ; and awake
Beaming and fair, intelligent and sweet ;
'Till, all bright essences in one conjoined,
Light shall for ever break in sweetest sound,
And sound array herself in robes of light.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

The sunset hour !
Long shadows o'er the vallies sweep,
Oh gently then each languid flower
Its bosom shuts in softest sleep ;
And whispering winds, where streams meander,
Like spirits by their margins wander.

The sunset hour !
How sweet it seems to shine and sigh ;
'Tis then that love's impressive power
Stamps the dim earth and fading sky ;
And pensive evening leaves her cavern'd home,
O'er the soft hills and weeping vales to roam.

The sunset hour !
'Tis then the gentle spirit feels,
How rich the gem but dread the dower
That love to labouring hearts reveals :
Through the green shades, that high o'er arching spread
How soft and deep they breathe, how lightly tread.

The sunset hour !

Oh come with me as down the west

Old Phœbus sheds his golden shower,

Then sinks upon the sea to rest:

For such the deep refreshment of repose,

The heart, that's found at length, its haven, knows.

The sunset hour !

How soft the silver mantle shows,

That on some old and holy tower

With fairy hand she lightly throws ;

Seems the sward lighter on the dead to lie,

And earth to mingle with the azure sky.

The sunset hour !

Seek we again the myrtle grove—

The stars with beams that beauty shower,

The moon with silver horn above,

The silent paths where magic lights are falling,

The dewy-fingered hours to us are calling.

The sunset hour !

Oh happy time when sweetly broke

The clouds that o'er us seem'd to lower,

And love from misty dream awoke ;

And stretching wide its arms like waking child

Look'd on us both so tenderly and smiled.

The sunset hour !
Come not the time that went before—
The fear to miss the mighty dower,
The dread, the tears, come never more.
Our “fluttering hearts” are all “too keenly blest”
Beneath the light of God, in perfect peace to rest.



FRAGMENT.

How fearfully she opes the lattice grate,
And bends her fine form on the heavens, and sees
The pale moon labouring or in cloudy state ;
And then her sick imagination plays
Sounding the distant death-shriek—hapless fate
Of some wreck'd mariner, or loud and long
The Lapland witch's bark destroying song.

NICE, (IN SARDINIA.)



The morn is up upon the mountains, wide
Flows without noise the soft redundant tide :
Light looks again upon the world—again
Lifts her broad veil and cheers the hearts of men.
How sweetly gay, a blue unplumed host,
Bow the bent waves to kiss the lovely coast !
No* varying laws their constant feet restrain,
No fickle might controuls with viewless rein ;
Still as they tumbled in the days of yore
The headlong billows dash upon the shore,
And glass at early morn the blushing light,
Where at soft eve they combed the locks of night.

Oh constant thus could our cold bosoms heave,
How sweet were morning and the song of eve !

* No tides in the Mediterranean. .

Could prayer unceasing rise, as ocean swells
Beneath the old Sea Alp and green L'Estrelles,
How bright were day with heavenly sunshine bright,
How calm with heavenly peace the voice of night !

How fair the scene where shines in dazzling vest
Antibes, tower'd queen of beauty and the west !
How soft the sound of that enchanting voice
With which she bids the awaken'd world rejoice,
When on her snowy neck and forehead fair
Showers thick the golden sun his sportive war !
Mine eye unwearied views the lovely coast,
My panting heart in extacy is lost :
Still as I gaze where on the level bay
The windy feet of unknown wand'ers stray,
Serenest visions to my soul are borne
Fresh gather'd from the radiant brow of morn—
I see the tall masts bending to the gale,
The fluttering streamer and the silver sail,
The busy oar that glitters as it falls
Life's emblem—only bright at intervals !
The shining domes, bright spires, and crowded quays,
Where her stern front and mountain charms displays,

Couchant upon her old imperial sea,
 The city nam'd of winged victory.*
 Smooth slides the surf, like garment border, playing
 With the gay breeze, that o'er its folds is straying:
 While all around me, morning decks her bowers
 With pearls and golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Delightful Nice ! fair melancholy queen,
 Errs he who gazing on thy magic scene,
 From the scant Pallion and the reedy Var
 To where the dazzling Alps embrace the air,
 Counts the glad time when deck'd with light again
 Wide as the world, majestic love shall reign ?
 Delightful Nice ! no willing exile I,
 Court the coy muse beneath thy tender sky,
 Yet bless the hand, that placed my weary head,
 Beneath so bright a sun, so soft a shade.

For who that's strayed thy breathing hills among
 Listing the Contadini's artless song—
 Who that has quaff'd the fragrance of thy bowers
 Or *felt* the blushing of thy scarlet flowers—

* *Nice* from νίκη, Victory.

Who that has wander'd where thine olive groves
Cast their pale shadows, while the gentle doves
Sit telling all day long their idle loves,
Would leave thy sloping hills for those that shine
Fair Florence by thy sunburnt Appenine,
Or seek the balm, that sickness heals or woe,
Where far Soracte binds her brows with snow ?

For thine the clime that varied beauty shows,
Iceland's grey moss, and Persia's laurel rose;
The robeless palm that spreads her graceful arms
Boasting her Indian birth and Indian charms;
The outlaw pine that drives her iron root
Where scarce the towering eagle plants his foot;
Thine the bright cactus with her leafy hand,
The aloe thine, poisoning her flowery wand;
O'er thy hot brow the green carrubier weaves,
Refreshful shade, her verdant pomp of leaves :
While many a flower the olive shade beneath
Pours round her Iris hues and spicy breath.

Return sweet visions of her long arcades,
Her terrac'd vineyards and her orange glades ;

Return the fountain, where the noontide ray
Bathes its red fever in the wave away ;
By whose moist marge the rich reginas bloom,
And the sweet emblem of the life to come ;
While all apart with modest waters wet,
In soft seclusion glows the violet ;
And fanning sunny wave or zephyr's wings,
The balm her breathing sweets, and myrtle flings.

Return the winding dells where oft I rov'd
With friends so lately found so dearly lov'd ;
Oh bid us meet again where blushing still
Hangs the red rose on Cimier's convent hill ;
Where superstition's idle form is laid
Stretch'd at its length beneath the Ilex shade ;
Again to talk (while canopied above
Burns its great type) of Jesu's matchless love ;
Again to sigh, like exiles forc'd to roam
For the glad day that shall recal us home ;
When all shall lay their pilgrim garments down
And golden pinions wear for sandal shoon,
Nor quaff in scallop shell a scanty wave,
But peacefully in living waters lave.

Yet vain the earth's best beauties to controul
The springs of thought—its empire is the soul :
Not Genoa's mountain road, nor sweetest, thine,
Saint Andrè, border'd with the bursting vine ;
Nor deep Ville-franche, whose girdled towers are keeping
Watch o'er the wave, like nurse o'er infant sleeping ;
Not the soft breezes of the early morn
When bursts the sun by no false smiles foresworn,
Can give to thoughtless souls the bliss of thought,
Or teach the lore by wisdom only taught.

Me therefore careless of my southern theme,
Nor idly busied with romantic dream,
Let thoughts of holier inspiration move
And o'er my " spirit brood the mystic dove."
Untravell'd then, I need not seek abroad
The blest flower-breathing footsteps of my God,
For love's bright sun can gild the utmost isle,
And make a northern night with glory smile.
Cheer'd by its ray Siberian winters glow,
And lose at once their darkness and their snow ;
And England's fickle clime and English skies,
Though cloudy, are as bright as Italy's.

Cheer'd by that sun, my soul await the day
When earth shall pass like gather'd scroll away ;
And springing from her bright and beamy bourne
Go in her glory forth the eternal morn.
Till then the brightest scenes the world can shew
Are but the tinsel of the masquer woe :
Till then the garden'd flower's unnumber'd dyes,
The pensive blushing of the enamell'd skies,
The blue sea dashing on a silver coast,
The hill, the valley, tell that man is lost ;
Far from our heaven the Sun is fled, and we
All mourning wait for His Epiphany.
Yes ! wait my soul till rising glory's sign
Placed on the brow of morn, shall sweetly shine ;
Till He, the Church's joy, the Temple's Sun
Full orb'd shall rise at last and reign alone ;
Nor clouds shall dim, nor darkness veil the light,
But roll the eternal years, nor winter know, nor night.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SONG.



Again, again,
Awake those silent keys to sound ;
Let voice like perfume fill the air,
And, all around
Spread, like a golden cloud, the warbling atmosphere.

Sing, lady, sing !
Whether it please thee most to fill
Our souls with tones that whisper gladness ;
Or gathering still
All the deep strings of power, to lash their waves to madness.

Once more, once more,
Bear us, where Spring* in emerald bowers
Holds, like a queen, her happy court ;
Where the young Hours,
With crowns of kindling buds, and pomp of green resort.

* A Song of the Spring.

I pine, I pine,
That sylvan strain again to hear,
I long thy* “diadem of blue”
To see thee wear;
Sing, lady, sing, and all the enchanting past renew.

Yes, once again
Beneath those dulcet tones to lie,
Like silence killed by sweetest sound,—
Again to die,
Reviving still, of soft immedicable wound!

Praise the loud song,
And let its theme be liberty,†
By Lusitanian fountains chanted,
When banners free
Against th’ invading Gaul by maiden hands were planted.

Or bring, oh bring,
Those nectar tones from sunny land
Where‡ Tiber flows, and softest stream,
O’er silver sand,
Clitumnus dances in the noonday beam.

* An expression in the song. † Portuguese song, *Liberta*.

‡ Italian song.

Yet stay, oh stay;
It is too rich, that voice of thine ;
Drives, like the rack, the strain along,
While power divine
Sheds o'er my trembling soul the awful dew of song.

List, list, I hear
The saddest strains of tender woe—
They come from high* prophetic lyre,
And round me flow
Murmurs of holy waves, and sobs of deep desire.

Again they tell
How He, that wore the robe of scorn,
By heartless man was lightly prized
For whom 'twas borne,
Pale man of sorrows He,† rejected and despised.

Sing to the Lord,
Let music, like the trumpet, peal ;
And lift the lowly, crush the high,
Or deep reveal
Down in the red sea‡ wave On's broken chivalry.

* Handel.

† " He was despised and rejected of men."

‡ " The horse and his rider," &c.

No more, no more !
Yet sing me still, how soft as sleep.
Green o'er the vale the verdure spreads,
Where* His dear sheep
By smooth or gushing rill the gentle Shepherd leads.

In vain, in vain,
Thou art so very far away,
The beams on thee that softly shine,
The tones that play
Round thy proud brow, they cannot circle mine.

And yet once more
Create the mighty soul of sound ;
Pour, like a stream that seeks the plain,
Thy music round ;
Oh wake thy song once more, enchantress, sing again.

* He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd.

ON SLEEPING IN THE ROOM IN WHICH
DR. ARNOLD DIED.



Within this curtained room of rest,
The good man fell asleep ;
Death here the watchman's eyelids press'd,
No more to wake or weep ;
The warrior laid his glinted armour down,
And donn'd, for iron helm, a golden crown.

Serene but sad to human eye
Such mausoleums are ;
Adown the cheek of memory
Courses the frequent tear ;
Crowds all the past upon our hearts amain,
What once has greatly been, but may not be again.

For 'tis not in the plodding foot

Of feeble eager man,

'Tis not in science' central root

That truest power we scan ;

'Tis not in heads that hive the honey'd lore,

Or fiery hearted souls, that dwell the gifts of power—

The dust of slow but sure decay

Lies thick on every throne,

And giant empires pass away,

Time claims them for his own ;

And what avails it then, that living man

Calls crowns or power his own, or weaves his web-like plan ?

'Tis they for noble ends that live

Who triumph over death ;

For living thus their names survive

They breathe an after-breath—

The hero bards of Grecia never died ;

Wander their spirits still by steep Parnassus' side.

And therefore thou, immortal Shade,
Fond lover of fair truth,
Though sung by no Aonian maid
Shalt have undying ruth ;
High on the crowning peaks of holy fame
Unconscious thou hast hung thy memorable name.

And men that live in after time
Shall find thee in the niche,
Which only modest worth sublime
On eagle wings can reach—
No need of wide Valhalla's mimic sky,
For none that truly live, that live like thee can die.

FROM A PASSAGE IN "DIX ANNEES
D'EXILE."

"Avant d'arriver a Vienne, comme j'attendais mon second fils, qui devait me rejoindre avec mes gens et mon bagage, je m'arretais pendant un jour a cette abbaye de Melk, placee sur une hauteur; d'ou l'Emperor Napoleon avait contemple les divers detours du Danube, et loue le paysage sur lequel il allait foudre avec ses armees. Il s'amuse souvent ainsi a faire des morceaux poetiques sur les beautés de la nature qu'il va ravager, et sur les effets de la guerre dont il va accabler le genre humain."—Dix Annees d'Exil.—*Mme. de Stael.*

Where Melcha's time-worn abbey shews
Its walls of green and grey,
A hunted exile, dogg'd by woes,
I could not cast away;
With downward eye I gaz'd upon the scene,
Woods, rocks, and forests dark, with winding waves
between.

For there its ancient river bed

The old Danaw was washing ;

And while the sunbeams hotly play'd,

Where crept the wave, or dashing

Hurried to pay its homage due,

By old Vienna's towers, to seas* that strangers rue.

I thought how late in glory there,

The ruthless tyrant† stood,

Unaw'd by fields, and fanning air,

And that majestic flood ;

And only dreamt of paly flight and fear,

Riding by saddle-bow of Frank, and dreadful cuirassier.

Why sleeps the leaping thunder ? why

Tarries the rapid levin ?

Will vengeance always close its eye ?

Can slumber be in Heaven ?

Come from thy chamber forth, and shake thy rod,

And press the oppressor down, O mighty, mighty God !

* The Euxine from 'εὐ and ξεινος, according to the Greek mode of designating things dreadful or dangerous, as (e. g.) the Eumenides.

† Napoleon.

For Austria weeping, owns the tyrant's sway ;
And old romantic Spain
Has cast in coward flight her crown away,
Nor dons her helm again ;
And Prussia's royal eagles, proud and proof,
Lie bleeding sore beneath the tyrant's hoof.

Come, ere the mighty nations, one by one,
Like dead leaves droop and fall,
While he exalted on his burning throne,
Colossus, strides them all :
Come, for the widow sighs, the orphan weeps,
And heroes in their graves demand why Justice sleeps ?

THE LAST WALK.

We trod the sand together ;
A sigh was in the leafless trees,
The pale mist leant upon the breeze,
And ill were our poor hearts at ease
As that wild weather.

Lightly we trod, and yet
The yielding sand our steps return'd
Passive of grief; the sun, that burn'd
Red in the morn, retiring mourn'd ;
The grass with tears was wet.

Where are our foot-prints now ?
The hand of Time has brushed them off ;
The tempest as in bitter scoff,
The night hag with her iron hoof,
Has glinted them, I trow.

And vernal showers have wash'd
December's heavy tears ; the last
The sad night visions all are pass'd,
And down, the bright Hours, as in haste,
Dim sorrow's cup have dash'd.

But neither sun nor shade
Can blot deep thoughts from earth or sky ;
The tender gaze, the tearful eye,
Affection's flowers, they never die ;
Love's colours never fade.

And we shall meet again,
Like parted streams that hills divide,
Together rushing in their pride,
Or tender moon return'd to ride
With her own heaving main.

THE CROWNING OF SCHEHALLION.

A MOUNTAIN IN PERTHSHIRE,

Schehallion's the queen of the north,

The nymphs of Loch Rannoch have crown'd her,
And the fair-handed daughters of Forth

Clasp'd a necklace of vapours around her.

Old white-headed Nevis has bow'd

All prompt his allegiance to own,
Where girt with a gray northern cloud
He sits on his Appenine Throne.

He has summon'd around him his peers,

Ben Ledi and tall Ben Venue,
Ben Lomond, that ancient of years,
And Ben Law'rs of the thundercloud's hue.

Those famous old classical Grampians,*
Beni Vrachi and stout Beni Gloe,
Like two haughty tournament champions,
Have thrown down their gauntlets of snow.

Dark Burnam is waving his woods
As in sport to the far Dunsinane,
Where she sits like the queen of the floods
As she sat in the days of the Thane.†

An eagle soar'd over the throng
Right proud of his mountain batallion,
And pour'd a wild torrent of song
To the crowning of Royal Schehallion.

* The Grampians mentioned by Tacitus.

† Macbeth.

A WEDDING-DAY SONG.



Hail to thee, queen of my heart !

Hail thee, Sirena !

The sun may forget to go forth on his way

'Mid the canopied clouds of the morn ;

The moon may withdraw from her lover the sea

Or coldly look down as in scorn—

But thou wilt not be

Or cold, or forgetful Sirena of me.

All hail ! for the morning is come

The bright morning of Love :

The months have run o'er the broad zone of the year,

The winter is over and gone :

The tender-voic'd leaves bid the roses appear,

For they languish in sadness alone ;

'Tis the day of our rest,

When the loved and the lover were perfectly blest.

I sought thee in bower and in hall,
For I sorrow'd alone ;
And haply there met me that seem'd for awhile
To respond to the question of love ;
But 'tis not the bark that in summer may smile,
That the siege of the tempest can prove—
They passed me, and then
I was left to converse with my sadness again.

For deep are the caves of the heart
And fathom'd by few ;
And joy, like the sea-bird, flies o'er them unwet,
'Tis his shadow alone in the wave ;
The gay they may sorrow, but soon they'll forget
And ask for the pity they gave ;
Very low is the grot,
Which the deep fish swims over, the line fathoms not.

Then hail thee, Sirena, my love,
Thou wert not like them ;
A wanderer I found thee, we met for a time,
And seem'd unemotioned to part ;
But it could not be thus, for nothing but crime,
Or madness, can wither the heart ;
As the stream to the sea,
So in absence my spirit was tending to thee.

For thou wert the vision that haunted
My soul from a child—
The blending of all the bright colours of love,
The soft diapason of tone;
The angel to bear the dull spirit above,
The friend to converse with alone;
O, dearer than cove
To the tempest-toss'd vessel, than ark to the dove.

Nor did'st thou beguile me with hopes
That were never to bloom :
Oh sweetly and oft hast thou lull'd me to rest,
Stillling all the wild tempest of care ;
And blest is thy morning thanksgiving, and blest
Thine eventide whispers of prayer ;
O dearer to me
Than the sky to the lark, than the flower to the bee.

Away, for 'tis idle to reckon
The total of joy ;
When the days are like Argosies homeward returning
From Yemen or richer Cathay,
And the peace that goes forth on the wings of the morning
Hovers soft on the sun-clouds of day ;
And love and the voice
Elemental of harmony calls to rejoice.

Away, for my harp strings are broken—

Yet something they tell —

Of the day of the glory and gladness of heart,

When the Bride to her Lord shall be giv'n ;

And the clasping of hands that no danger can part

Shall be heard thro' the concave of heaven ;

And we shall sit down

At the true marriage-feast with the lamb on His throne.

NIGHT BY THE SEA.



The sleepy night around hath drawn

Her curtain'd depth of shade ;

And one by one the lights are gone

That on the hills delay'd :

The flowers have shut their pensive eyes,

The weary winds are hush'd ;

And like a lake, the ocean lies

By not a zephyr brush'd :

Far o'er the dim horizon shines

The red descending moon ;

And half within the sea reclines,

And quite will vanish soon :

And high in Heaven the stars are set,

Though silent yet they sing—

There's Venus' eye with weeping wet,

There's Saturn with his ring :

And still the waves, with gentlest play,
Upon the sea-beach fall ;
Whilst time and tide along the bay
Sing their soft madrigal :

O time and tide, of earthly things,
The fairest or the worst ;
That lend to man an angel's wings,
Or leave him doubly curst :

Still as upon that solemn scene,
Far inland now, I dwell,
Come waves and whispering words between,
Like sound in ocean shell :

And now they wake the weary past,
And tell of woe and warning ;
And now in hope are forward cast
Like shadows of the morning ;

Till rising on the wings of prayer
I seek the heavenly road ;
And straight a voice is in my ear,
And 'tis the peace of God.

MORNING.



How quickly fades the starry train ;
Far o'er the welkin borne
The royal Charles hath urged his wain,
And soft steals up the morn.

With russet mantle first and grey,
Across the hills she looks ;
And calls her dewy flocks away,
That sleep along the brooks :

And then in amber deck'd and gold,
With iris clouds between,
She spreads her mantle manifold,
And glorifies the scene.

Soon o'er the plain the mountains fling
Their cool and mighty shadows ;
And clouds, like birds of heavy wing,
Rise floating o'er the meadows.

And now the golden sun appears,
He leaps like giant risen ;
Refresh'd, like mourner, from his tears,
Or captive from his prison :

No sound in air, or earth or sea,
But tells of life awaking ;
The cheerful lark upon the lea,
His music loud is making ;

The sheep and shepherd hill-ward go,
(An hundred move as one,)
For pasture's sweet, where upland brow
Is bathed in dew and sun.

And far away the ships are seen,
Like heralds of the morning,
And fishers' heavy boat between
From nightly toils returning:

And all is bright—life, light, and air,
So sweetly beaming all,
As if the earth restor'd were
Or ne'er had known the fall—

Then wake my soul, and plume thy wing,
And heavenwards mount aspiring ;
The dews of song around thee fling,
Like bird of morn, untiring.

SLEEP AFTER SUFFERING.



At length she sleeps ; the storm of pain at last
Has ceas'd above her 'fenceless head to shake
 Its sounding pinions, and away,
 Like clouds, is floating far.

How gently now, upon her closed eyes,
Come down the honey-heavy dews of rest ;
 The marble sleeps not so,
 Its cold and sacred sleep.

No wrinkle tells, that pain has lately been,
Within that tranquil brow, so stern a guest ;
 You would not dream that e'er
 Those eyes had shed a tear.

Soft as the breath of infants, come and go
The regulated murmers of deep life ;
 No more hot fever lights
 On her parch'd lips his fire.

Wrong I the angels, when I more than deem,
That they within that curtain'd 'closure poise
 Their fiery wings, distilling
 Calm-health upon her head ?

For 'tis not glimmering firelight, but the quick
Glancing of flame-like essence, and the breath
Of shaken plumes, that fills
The air with moving light.

O'er her hush'd senses stealeth, and o'er mine,
Thought of ambrosia ; in her dreams she seems,
As I awake, to scent
The fragrant air of heaven :

So in the garden erst, when horror shook
His tender soul, the Son of Man was fill'd
With superhuman strength,
To drink the bitter cup.

And thou, like Him, hast trod the thorny path,
The way is purpled with thy bleeding feet,
Close to thy suffering Lord
In tears thou'st lov'd to walk.

Oh 'wake again, beloved, wake to feel
The warm sun on thy pallid cheek, and taste
The flowers thou lov'st so well,
The lily or the rose :

'Wake still to praise thy God, and teach by all
Thy gentle love to others how to live :
Then slowly fade away
Like flowers that shut at eve.

A YOUNG BARD TO THE MOTHER OF HIS
AFFIANCED.



O, Lady mine, could verse declare
The heart's deep gratitude,
I would not verse or music spare,
Albeit all so rude,
For gift like thine—
Oh, no ! a wreath of song I'd surely, surely twine.

But not on me her honied dew
The Bee of Hybla sheds ;
Bloom'd not for me the flowers that grew
On Tempe's river beds ;
Yet will I bind
Thy brows with those pale flowers,* the namesakes of the
wind.

* The anemone from *'ανεμος* the wind.

I'll bind them with the rich red rose,
That asks not bower of green,
With the fair daughters of the snows
With ivy sere between ;
And sad and wet
With winter's tears, the blue pathetic violet.

Sweet mother of the sweetest flower
That e'er in garden grew,
Shield her from day's sharp arrowy shower,
And night's unwholesome dew ;
Oh, let her share,
In thy maternal bower, love's warmest atmosphere.

Away, mistrustful fears, away !
And think of Jesu's love,
That gives its sunshine to the day,
Its shadows to the grove ;
Wake, wake a tone
Sad harp, of higher hope, of heavenly hope alone.

So sang a young enthusiast bard,
And boldly seiz'd the lyre,
And strove to wake the golden chord
To heavenly love—The wire
Knew not the hand,
And plain'd, as exiles plain, in far and foreign land.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.



Where is the mansion-house of death?
Is that dark cave, the sod beneath,
Unvisited by vernal breath—

Can that be said
To be the dwelling of the happy dead?

If such it be, our friends are gone
But little way; beneath the stone
Are they our spirits doted on;

And each dear form
Alas, is pasture for the greedy worm.

But can the voice whose magic tones
Might ravish monarchs on their thrones,
Lie silent 'neath the sculptur'd stones?

Or they be there
Where only dust, and mouldering grave clothes are?

Nay, 'tis not there those spirits sleep,
Whom oft our eyes so weary weep ;
High in the Heaven their watch they keep,
Where sings each star,
Without one jangling chord the melody to mar.

I will not to that church-yard go,
Though deep my sobs and loud my woe ;
Dark at my feet death's waters flow,
But I sublime,
By faith's ascending stair, the "skyish height" will climb.

Grief may not clog the mourner's wing,
Nor sons of God too sadly sing ;
For One has died—and now the sting
Of death is sunder'd,
And the relentless grave of all his trophies plunder'd.

And she was never lowly laid
Within a house that man hath made ;
Far to the Heaven she flew, nor stay'd
Her rapid wing,
Till bright she stood before the presence of the King.

And 'tis not, therefore, sculptur'd stone
That resteth that dear head upon ;
Nor sleeps she there all cold and lone—

Her marble pile
Is where the angels live, and ransom'd spirits smile.

For life hath triumph'd over death,
And breath expired is living breath ;
The spirit lives, while low beneath

The body lies ;
And joins at once on high, Heaven's holy harmonies.

Then, mourner mild, thy passion curb ;
Retire that would the grave disturb ;
Drop not one tear upon the herb,

Nor let one sob
Sent heavenward, of its peace thy parted treasure rob.

The loss of few is gain to all ;
No longer frowns the funeral pall ;
Rose-wreaths on brows of mourners fall,

And dove-ey'd peace
Sits on a new made grave, and sings of calm decease !

ON AN UNFINISHED DRAWING OF
FLOWERS.



Stalks without head ! and flowers without a stem !
Emphatic types are ye of mortal chance—
An uncrown'd head, a vacant diadem,
Tarquin, or him who crouch'd to England's lance
The mighty exile of Imperial France ;
Or what of human ills works the worst smart
Foul severance—a head without a heart.
Do ye not tell sweet flowers of other things ?
Ay me ! I cannot gaze your forms upon,
And not remember how the blossomings
Of my green youth are all untimely strown,
Strown by the fierce Septentrion's sounding wings,
That journeys ever where the Syren sings

Her soft delusive strain—Ay me ! such song
Hope oft-times chants her dripping rocks among,
Me auditor ; and as I drink the lay,
Great thoughts and high, and resolutions strong
Crowd on my soul—too soon to pass away
(Like unsubstantial mansions in the clouds
Melting, in broad and windy gloom involved)
Too soon to pass, where all the countless crowds
Of resolutions meet—all unresolved—
Bright rainbow resolutions ! iris'd o'er
Like stricken dolphins, gasping underneath
The Norseman's spear by Verd or blue Azore,
Fantastically beautiful in death.

LINES WRITTEN AT OXFORD.



I dreamt of Granta ; and in tears she seem'd,
Mournful and all in tears, to woo my feet
Away from silver Isis : mildness beam'd
In her dark eye, my young days' paraclete,
Mildness that such kind presence well beseem'd.
Not mine, she cried, and pointed to an arch
Of stately span, not mine the lazy march
Of laggard souls, unjoyous, unesteem'd ;
Pale o'er my vestal lamp, devoted child,
I've seen thee bend with thronging hopes and fears
And thoughts of glory greater than thy years ;
Oh leave not all those aspirations now,
Break not thy plighted troth and holy vow,
Foul fall the feet of those from Granta's ways beguil'd.

The dream is past—the golden finger'd God
 Hath touch'd mine eye-lids ; bursting from the spell
 I rise obedient to the beamy rod :
 Oh what a stream of music ! chime and bell
 From tower and sun-lit campanel, that nod
 Accordant, as of old dark Memnon's lyre
 All without hand awoke, to hail the Lord of fire.

Thy walls are stately, and thy moss-grown towers
 Are glory's types, albeit the tooth of time
 And jealous skies have scarred their battlements like crime :
 Yet not for prouder domes than these, would I
 Leave the sad urn o'er which old Camus cowers
 In sorrowing guise, where silver Clara's* smile
 Gladdens the sun, or talking with the sky
 Stands without peer that wondrous gothic† pile—
 Leave the sequester'd walk, the noontide shade
 Where Milton wander'd with the Aonian maid‡—
 Leave frolic Harry's§ old surpassing towers,
 Or Margaret,|| mother mine, thy melancholy bowers.

* Clare Hall. † King's College Chapel ‡ Christ's College Gardens.

§ Trinity College. || St. John's.

TO A PORTRAIT.



Nay, do not all so fondly gaze
Upon my sadden'd brow ;
Withdraw those bright bewitching rays,
And smile not, smile not so ;
For only temper'd eagle eyne,
Unquench'd, can suffer looks like thine.

And oh, I cannot turn away,
Whate'er thy glances be ;
December's frowns, the smiles of May,
Nor frown nor smile for me,
While on thy soft alluring brow
I gaze as I am gazing now.

And time hath stayed his dusty race ;
And pausing in their bowers,
To view that dear unrivall'd face
Hist the soft stepping hours ;
And where's the hand would write it crime,
To bind the hours or fetter time ?

O sweeter than the roses are,
By Persian maidens worn;
Light of the day, the evening star,
The beauteous bird of morn;
The sound that mingles in our dreams,
Like mountain gales with mountain streams.

We woo thy soft and balmy breath;
We press thy ruby lips,
Where dear persuasion sits beneath,
And honey'd wisdom sips;
And sometimes, sometimes hope beguiles
Our weary souls to dream of smiles.

Ah, no! that unimpassion'd calm,
That mild undying light,
That rests, like quiet, breathing balm
Upon the brow of night,
Too surely tell thou dost not hear
The accents of our whisper'd prayer.

Yet speak—oh, sweeter than the lay
The bird of evening sings,
Be vocal those dear lips that say
A thousand joyous things;
Oh break that dreamy silence—break—
Spirit of love, awake! awake!

In vain, in vain ! no voice replies
Our restless souls to move ;
Yet beam they still, those pensive eyes,
The languag'd looks of love ;
And half methinks, I hear the sigh
That beauty heaves when none is nigh.

How beauteous is the sadden'd blue
Of Grecia's midnight sky,
How sweet her stars of sapphire hue
Looking so tenderly ;
And sweet and soft the Egean's wave,
Like music o'er a maiden's grave :

But sweeter far the light that lives
Those pensive eyes above,
And softer far the breath that heaves
Successive waves of love—
Far softer than the wind that swells
Along the winding Dardanelles.

And round thee beauty's breathing clouds,
And love's luxuriant haze,
Hang, like the rosy wreath that shrouds
The sun's retiring blaze ;
Or paler glories that enshrine
The peerless planet's light divine :

And haply now in moonlit bower
That delicate form is bending,
And love and light, a rainbow shower,
Are on that brow descending;
And deeply to the Eternal Three
Thy prayer is made, is made for me :

For thine the charm that only they
Who often kneel partake—
Kneel e'er the purple waves of day
In silent glory break—
Kneel when the moon, in silver shrouds
Her pathway through the blushing clouds.

Yet, oh! shall death that brow defile?
And shall the greedy worm
Drink up the nectar of that smile,
Feed on that angel form?
Shall dust beneath and dust above
Dry all that flowing fount of love?

Shall the soft lustre of that eye
In starless night be quench'd,
That eloquent pulse beat languidly,
That rosy cheek be blench'd;
And looks of love and thoughts of home,
Pass all away like river foam?

And gazing on that pictur'd life
All silent and alone,
Shall we lament the friend, the wife,
For ever, ever gone,
Whilst those soft eyes unchang'd the while,
Still beaming, sweetly, sweetly smile ?

Yes, death shall come, but not with brow
As erst, sublimely sad,
His arms are all revers'd, and thou
Shalt hail the vanquish'd shade,
And rushing wings and angel voices
Shall tell us how thy soul rejoices.

And we shall not despair—the dove,
That bears thy spirit home,
On us shall shed some drops of love
To soothe us till we come,
Where flows the broad eternal river,
And we shall be with Christ for ever.

THE PLEASANT DAYS I SPENT WITH THEE.



The pleasant days I spent with thee in Vaga's verdant
bowers,

When hopes around our pathway sprang, and promis'd
golden flowers ;

When love was like the sunny gleam, and laughter like
the breeze,

And pleasure was the magic charm, the boundless power
to please.

Then wore the high and azure sky a softer brighter blue,
And faster than the swallow flies the winged moments flew ;
And deeper blush'd the summer rose, and fuller on the vine
Hung forth the clustering Bacchanals their purple globes
of wine.

Oh softer then on dewy lawn the shadows went and came ;
And fairer gleamed through leafy skreen night's silent
silver flame ;

And richer on the mountain's brow the setting sunlight fell,
And gladness seem'd by every stream her tale of joy to tell.

The pleasant days I spent with thee by Dove's romantic
side,

When love expanded free her arms, her liberal arms and
wide;

Like kindred essences we met, not soon again to part,
I drew thee closer, maiden mine, I press'd thee to my
heart.

Dreams were no longer empty dreams, and hopes were
hopes no more,

In blessed certainty we stood on memory's silver shore;
We rous'd again the silent storm, we wak'd the sleeping
blast,

Then cried in blessed certainty, 'tis past, my love, 'tis past.

Oh pleasant was that parent's home, that soft maternal
bower,

The sunny time of morning prayer, the cheerful evening
hour;

And sweet the holy songs we sang, and sweet the path
we trod,

With lowly and with contrite hearts to worship Thee,
O God.

The pleasant days I've spent with thee, since at the
Altar's side,

I took thee from the Church's hand, an unreluctant bride :
I've found thee faithful, fond and true, sweet sovereign
balm of life ;

The bride proved all the maiden was, and more than bride
the wife.

Though chequered are the ways of life, along those che-
quer'd ways,

We walk in calm content, and strive to tune our hearts
to praise ;

And ever as the waves of life more hoarsely seem to swell,
We kneel and trust our Father's care, and know that all is
well.

For fireside joys, domestic peace, love's sunshine and its
shade,

Though flowers they are of paradise, are flowers that all
must fade ;

But stedfast trust, rejoicing hope, and love's immortal
bloom,

With these we'll bind our living brows, for these shall
deck our tomb.

TO TIME IN PROGRESS.



Move onward, swifter move, ye creeping hours,
Too slow ye bear the dead world to her tomb;
Scentless and shutting now are all the flowers
That gladden'd once our bosoms with their bloom.

I view your passing by with mightier glee,
Than erst I saw the summer in his prime;
Or spring, when she went forth o'er lawn or lea,
Bending the flower heads, breathing the wild thyme.

For each soft footstep 'minishes the march
Of Time's great sun, descending to his grave;
Till, measur'd all his high and sultry march,
He drops with trembling glory in the wave.

Sing deathful songs, and blither move ye hours ;
Sure is your mission, though the way be long ;
Breathe your dry breath upon the withering bowers,
And bid the death-tick company your song.

For matchless music is the funeral dirge,
Sweetest the warbled song when dies the day ;
Brightest the sun's sea-horses, when they urge
Their nightward course beneath the o'erarching spray.

Life sternly shows the truth of living things,
And dread alternate changes for desire ;
The song the youth despised, the elder sings,
Fire turns to frost, and frost inflames to fire.

We tempt the sea that once we feared to sail ;
We loathe the sunshine, and we seek the gloom ;
We drink the deep sobs of th' autumnal gale,
And plant the rose, not cypress at the tomb.

For they that once enchain'd us, now are gone ;
Our souls' strong magnets have transferr'd their power ;
The whizzing earth may circle round the sun,
And to the bright orb turn, like golden flower—

But far in other regions burn the lamps,
That lighted erst our souls to love and home ;
Through clouds, and solemn night, and rolling damps,
Beckon those angel forms ; and bid us come.

On, onward then, ye tardy hours, advance !
The plain is nearly passed, the mountain won ;
There, in a brighter than Elysian trance,
They sit sublimely calm, their sorrows done :

And we, like them, in gladness soon shall be ;
The gate of life through death shall open wide ;
And in that calm, surpassing ecstasy,
Our souls, with theirs, shall dwell, to Deity allied.

BEREAVEMENT.

"We came to the sea and soon found a comfortable lodging. It was one of those fresh breezy watering places that lie along the eastern coast. We had been there several years before. It seemed at first as if the restoration we were seeking, must be found there; those pure airs seem'd quite to taste of life. But the dream of hope was soon interrupted: the old symptoms returned in even an aggravated character; they continued to increase day by day, until at length that fatal disease, the bane of so many thousands in this northern climate, did its work and left me—alone!—*Journal of Mr. H. H.*

I knew that I should sadly grieve when God should fetch
her home,
For bitter 'tis, unmated through the weary world to roam;
But I did not dread
That I such scalding tears should weep in anguish for the
dead.

Yet who can tell, but he whose brows the coronet have
worn,

How sharply through the cushion comes the piercing of
the thorn?

And who can tell

The parting pang, where never more the lips shall say,
farewell?

Yet still in dreams will come to us, the lov'd ones we
have lost—

Will come like weary strangers that roam a wasteful coast,
And sigh and say

O brother, sister, husband, friend, arise and come away.

And now they wear the painful forms that erst in life they
wore—

The haggard eye is haggard still, the beauty is no more ;

And now the trace

Of pain and death has past away, and every look is grace.

I dream'd I saw that sainted one with pallid lips and dry,
And still as erst for water was her melancholy cry ;

I gave the draught,

And the delightful beverage impatiently she quaff'd.

I saw her in our drive again all weary and returning,
I bore her up the accustom'd stairs and felt her eyelids
burning,

I laid her down
To brief repose, and restlessly I wander'd to the town.

The breeze was on my burning cheek, from ocean sweet it
came,

And it serv'd awhile with kisses fresh to cool the inward
flame ;

I woo'd the wind,
And I felt as if with mine another arm were intertwined.

And on we went, 'twas her's indeed, as summers twelve ago,
That gentle arm whose wing-like weight was wont to lift
me so,

And that sweet brow
Seréna ! as I saw it then, I see its beauty now.

We walk'd upon the shingle shore, we sported with the
water,

And gentle smiles with playful wiles, and love was link'd
with laughter,

And the ships at sea
Were like ocean-angels bright to us—to Mary and to me.

And we roved along the yellow sand and by the dripping
rocks,

To where the tall cliff beetling o'er, the level landscape
locks ;

And then a wave
Broke as the soft wind-music breaks upon an infant's grave.

'Twas a gentle note, but we started both, for a change
went along the shore,

And a sound swept by like a mariner's cry, and the stroke
of a rapid oar ;

And the boats became,
Like elfin sprites, with gauzy wings, that slowly sail'd in
flame.

And we look'd upon each other's brows, and the love of
that tender eye

Was turn'd upon mine with a startled trust, as oft in the
days gone by ;

And the figure of death
Stood close by my side, and I heard him groan, and I
shrank from his icy breath.

Oh weary are my midnights now, and weary is the day,
And wearily the morning hour, and the evening wears
away ;

And slow the decline
Of a wasting life with its long, long hours, too slow for a
sorrow like mine.

I stretch my arms in quest around, but no dear form is
near ;

I list to catch the swell of sleep, but no soft breath I hear ;
And the stilly gloom

Seems, in its very silence, to whisper of the tomb.

O God, the good, the merciful, approach unto my bed ;
Still, Heavenly Sire, my beating heart, support my languid
head ;

Oh grant me grace

To lie, like infant, trustingly, within Thy dear embrace.

I would not break, for worlds, the chain-like sympathy of
faith,

That links me on to her in Heaven, through Him that
conquer'd death ;

For we are one,

Most one when earth shall pass away, and time's dead
march be done.

THE BEREAVED.

That syren voice is silent now that was my daily song,
And by my side, like river tide, ran musical along ;

And I must end

My sad remaining years and die, without that blessed
friend.

That voice was like the silver tone of the pleasant summer
sea ;

It sounded sweet for all that came, but sweetest still
for me ;

But now its tone

Is silent as a moonlit grave, and I must walk alone.

The breath that fill'd my vessel's sails has died away, and
now

My bark rocks idly to and fro, and sternward is my prow ;

And I must ply,

All tired and lone, the heavy oar beneath the sultry sky.

When she was by my side, the fiery coursers of the sun,
Not half so swift or brightly o'er the marble arch would
run ;

But now I go,
In silence musing all the past, disconsolate and slow.

Yet still the thought of what has been is solace sweet and
true ;

Oh, still to me her memorie is like the morning dew ;

And I will try,
Like her, to breast the heavenward hill—like her to reach
the sky.

For still, like golden threads that through a monarch's
mantle run,

So shines her sweet example, and her days they are not
done ;

But brighter still
Comes back the radiance of her life from behind the
western hill.

WILLIAM DE WARRENNE AND GUNDREDA; THE MONK, THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.



On the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 28th, 1845, in forming a cutting for the Lewes and Brighton Railway, through the grounds formerly occupied by Lewes Priory, the workmen came upon several compartments, each about six feet square, and formed by transverse dwarf walls, such as might be supposed to have supported the stone floors of the Chapter House. Two of these squares immediately adjoining each other, were covered with slabs of Norman stone. These being removed, in each there appeared a leaden cist, or coffer, ornamented externally by a large net work of interlaced cords moulded in the lead; about three feet long, a foot wide, and eight inches deep; each containing the bones of a human body. On the upper side of one cist was inscribed the name of GVNDRADA, and on the other WILLIELMVS. Gundreda was the daughter of Queen Maude, by a former marriage; and William de Warrenne, a Norman noble, and first Earl of Surrey, was her husband. They founded Lewes Priory.

Subsequently to this discovery, another scarcely less interesting was made, of a Monk, in his black habit and cowl. The shoes in which he had been buried still existed, and much of his hair. He was lying in a stein'd grave on a bed of shingles, within a square walled compartment, similar to those in which Warrenne and Gundreda were found. A slab of Caen stone formed the upper surface. His arms were crossed upon his breast.

After this, in digging a little further on, another most affecting sight presented itself. Two skeletons were found in a grave of chalk stone, that of a Female and of a little Child. The head of the Female was inclined over the little Child, which lay in her arms.



What is the dust of death !

Where are the spirits gone,
That filled, with animating breath,
Each mouldering skeleton ?
Did God receive them to the upper sky,
When wearily they laid them down to die ?

Mysterious relics, guarded
By the great mother earth,
Till He whose reign retarded,
Proclaim the second birth :
How glad the time shall be, when wept or weeping,
The trump shall call you from your dreamless sleeping !

And therefore holy tears
Are due for slumbers broken,
Where, all the silent years,
Ye should have slept unwoken :
Oh, close again the tomb, seal up the urn,
Let earth to earth and dust to dust return.

Again, Gundreda, hide
Thy soil'd and crownless head,
Where, that which humbles pride,
Protects the helpless dead :
Let darkness draw its veil o'er beauty spoil'd,
And let the soul in stillness be assoil'd :

And noble Warrenne, thou,
Whose tenure was thy sword,
So lowly lying now,
Poor bed for puissant lord :
Let decent silence and the gathering dust
Again lie thick upon thy sable bust.

Old monk resume thy cowl ;
Lie, where for ages lying,
The cricket and the owl
Have sung to dead or dying :
Let the rude mattock and the sexton's spade
Give back again to cloistered peace thy shade.

So sang a spirit mild,
While, still the work proceeding,
An angel passed and smiled,
The sacred legend reading ;
Then started straight and spread his wings and flew
To shun the mournful sight that met his view.

O Mother and O Child,
That erst through the great world,
So weary and so wild
Your silver sails unfurled ;
How soon by stress of sea and wintry weather
Did ye seek rest in this dark port together ?

Rest, rest ye both, again,
God's peace upon you shining ;
In love thy head or pain,
Sweet Mother, still declining ;
Oh, cover up that small and baby brow ;
Sleep, sleep again, where ye have slept till now.

REFLECTION.

Whilst life, with laughing eye and healthful glow,
Is breathing warm upon thy sunny brow ;
Whilst all is joyous as the morning hour,
And hope the rainbow sees, but not the shower ;
Whilst merry childhood fills thine heart with glee,
And care affrighted, flies from infancy ;
Whilst the full cups, by rosy pleasure crown'd,
From guest to guest pass joyously around—
Bethink thee of the pensive evening hour,
The lamp that burns beside the pall of power ;
The silent graves on which the moonlight falls,
And where they feasted once, the silent halls—
And learn how soon thy friends shall close thine eye,
And add thee to that quiet company.

MORTALITY.



"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."—*Burial Service.*



Man that is of woman born,
Be he pauper, prince, or peer,
Fierce with pride, or sorrow-worn,
Shineth but to disappear.

Short his thread, and brief his span,
Dying ere he seems to live;
Scarcely child and scarcely man,
From himself a fugitive.

Silent now as dial-shadow,
Sweeping slow the measur'd ring;
Now, like martlet o'er the meadow,
Hunting time with rapid wing.

Like the grass at morn that groweth,
Like the early-blooming flower,
Like the wind that o'er thee bloweth,
Like the passing April shower.

So he bloometh, so he fadeth—
*Last to live, but first to die,
Through the waters dark he wadeth,
Of the stream of misery:

Hoarsely roar the waves around him,
High the tides of sorrow swell;
But the arm of love hath bound him,
Let him fear not, all is well.

* Gen. i. 26.

FIELD OF WATERLOO.



No bones were bleaching on the field,
Nor pale or mould'ring corse;
Buckler was none, nor dinted shield,
Nor harness-mail of horse:
No wreck of all that host of pride
That there for fame or empire died.

But waving on the herby slopes,
Smiled fair the changeful grain;
And harvest fed her golden hopes,
Where war had strew'd her slain:
And plenty filled her bursting horn
With swelling sheaves of ripening corn.

The undercloud was floating slowly
Above its sailing shadow;
The thyme was blooming sweet and lowly
Upon its carpet-meadow;
The poppy flamed like mantle red,
And tears of dew the lily shed.

Not thus upon that awful morning
The summer daylight broke,
When rolling drum and trumpet's warning,
Three hosts to battle woke;
And slumber fled from countless eyes
That ne'er from sleep again should rise.

Shades of the mighty of mankind
That came from hundred homes,
Could ye not elsewhere hope to find
A fitting place of tombs?
Like corn of wheat must heroes lie,
Where only flowers or fruit should die?

Oh, come the time when ruin'd nature
Her empire shall repair;
And hate and war each holy feature
Of life and love shall wear;
Till then let sun and shower the sod
Heal balmy, they're the hand of God.

PRESTON CHURCH YARD.*

How sweetly and how sound the blessed rest;

(Nor dread, nor danger sleep,

Beneath the grassy turf,

On which our pale eyes weep.)

And sweeter none than those that, Preston, lie

Within thy shelter'd close,

Drinking, like bee the nectar dew,

The riches of repose.

For no loud footsteps rashly there intrude,

Nor laughing idlers come;

Nor men of market or of mart,

Nor peal of rolling drum.

* Near Brighton.

But girdled high with giant forest trees,
The chesnut and the elm—
'Tis silence all, though storm, or war's
Wild thunder, shake the realm.

Only the gentle hush that mourners make,
When solemn-stepp'd they come,
To place within their kindred clay,
New tenants safe at home.

Only at times the sound of earth upturned,
Or bones, by sexton's spade;
Or moralising man that sighs
Beneath the sighing shade.

Save when the sabbath sun dapples the east,
And sweet-toned chimings spread
Their silver circles all around,
Fit music for the dead.

Save when the bird of burial trills on high
His low autumnal lay;
Or vernal Philomela's song
Cometh from far away—

Or now and then a falling leaf declares
The whole sad tale of man;
Or ticking death-watch measures quick
Life's momentary span.

Oh, blest it is in that still paradise
To listen late and long,
Though no gay sounds arrive from bird or beast,
Soft lowing or sweet song:

For there I seem to hear the seasons soft,
As on their way they walk,
Or converse of the far and happy dead,
As they in glory talk:

And those their buds Elysian or their bloom
Are shedding and repairing,
And these all redolent of life to come
The palmy honors wearing.

And earnest is their talk of friends belov'd;
And whilst our eyes are wet
With scalding tears, they pity and they pray—
They love, but not forget.

Sweet Preston—holy home! within thy walls
Of green and mossy grey,
When sorrow meets me, or when memory calls,
My weary heart I'll lay.

And while the old church tower its lowly height
So modest rears, I'll pray
That thus in blessed lowliness of light
My green years may be gray ;
Till God shall call me to the better rest,
Where parted hands unite again, and blighted hearts
are blest.

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROTHSAY CASTLE."



What dirge may suit the dead,
The mingled dead that lie,
Toss'd on the ocean bed,
Or bleaching to the sky?

Youth, beauty, gay and grave,
So early plunged beneath
The dark folds of the wave,
In cold, unhonor'd death.

The storm had breathed its last,
The thunder's voice was hush'd;
The spent winds, as they pass'd,
The round waves scarcely brush'd;

When forth in trim array,
The crowded vessel went,
With music's breathing play,
And gentle voices blent :

No fear of watr'y wreck.
Or sudden death was theirs ;
Firm felt the girded deck,
Soft sigh'd the gentle airs.

Their friends, a lingering band,
Upon the crowded shore,
Wav'd soft the parting hand,
And blest—to bless no more !

Ah little dreaming they,
As on the shore they stood,
How eager for his prey
Waited the weltering flood :

For who so wise, as aye
To muse the coming hour ?
Within the deep blue sky
Who sees the unborn shower ?

What traveller stretch'd beneath
 Italia's myrtle bough,
 Dreams e'er of ruder breath
 Than fans his weary brow ?

Yet mark that reverend face,*
 That meek and tender eye,
 So rich in heavenly grace—
 So soft with sympathy.

Oh sure to heaven he bends
 Those looks in voiceless prayer,
 Commending Christian friends
 To Christ's unsleeping care :

And could the vows of love
 The tempest's arrows turn;
 It were not ours above
 The sainted dead to mourn :

All proud with gilded prow,
 Far from her rocky grave,
 That bark had floated now,
 Exulting o'er the wave.

* Rev. J. H. Stewart, who accompanied his friends Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who are subsequently alluded to (p. 194) to the water side.

But hoarser in the shrouds
Rises the tempest's wail;
And darker frown the clouds,
And louder sighs the gale—

O death, thy tones are dread,
The chamber's gloom within,
For aye to mortal man
Thou tell'st of mortal sin:

But oh, how charged with fear
Thy dreadful voice is heard,
When all on pleasure's ear
It falleth unprepared!

And such, I ween, it fell,
As raced the rude waves by,
Tide, wind, and sea combin'd
In dreadful harmony—

Alas, how altered now,
Whereon the morning broke,
The gay or serious brow,
The eyes that love awoke!

For many a form was there
That beauty breath'd and balm,
Ne'er touch'd by ruder air
Than stirs the plummy palm:

And youth of forehead fair,
All freshness and all smiles;
And age with touch of care,
And infancy's sweet wiles:

And limbs of stalwart mould,
In hundred battles tried,
By Calpè's rocky hold,
Or wild Ontario's tide—

A trembling crowd they stand,
With fear's broad belt around them;
Hand link'd in trembling hand,
As chance or choice had bound them:

Till rush'd the ocean through
Wide yawn and starting plank;
And down with all her crew
The bursting vessel sank.

My soul revert to them,
That on the staff of prayer,
Leant firmly, in the strife
Of elemental war.

No craven fear was theirs,
No wild despair beset ;
With no unmanly tears,
Their alter'd cheeks were wet.

Bright angels, hovering o'er,
To Heaven's unstormy coast
Their holy breathings bore ;
And not a sigh was lost.

Like marble figures, kneeling,
All silently they pray,
As though the stress of feeling
The tempest's wrath might stay :

Till rudely bursting o'er them,
The enormous sea wave pressed,
Proud prophet car that bore them
Triumphantly to rest.

So set, when day arrives,
Twin stars in glory hiding ;
Thrice bound in their sweet lives,
Nor e'en strong death dividing.

And now, for ever freed
From earth's unquiet ways,
They rove where angels lead,
Bright vale or hill of praise :

They fear not treacherous strand,
Nor wreck by stormy breeze,
By gales of glory fanned
They ride o'er waveless seas,

No changeful moon beguiles,
No doubtful suns perplex ;
Array'd in deathless smiles,
Christ lights them and protects.

PENITENCE.



Kneel lowly down,
Poor recreant child of Heavenly Sire ;
Take ashes from the fire,
And where the Great Creator placed the crown
Let, largely scatter'd, thickly lie
The emblems pale of thy mortality.

Strip, strip thee, bare,
Poor worshipper of Mammon's gaudy vest,
Better were shirt of hair,
Than thus to be dishonourably dress'd ;
And whilst good angels shade thy brow,
Thy self-revenge and indignation shew.

Yea, lowly kneel :
And as the dropping wears the stone,
Or sand the griding steel ;
So fast and frequent fall thy sorrows down,
Nor let the haughty-hearted say,
He knows to peace and heaven a surer way.

For on thee kneeling,
In lowly plight and tearful guise,
The soft balm-dews are stealing,
And Heaven re-opens to thy ravished eyes ;
While Christ Himself intones the voice
That bids thee sweetly through thy tears rejoice.

THE HEATHEN TO THE CHRISTIAN.*



Love pours for thee his golden shower,
Love marks thy goings every hour,
With jealous love thy Father's care
Notes e'en the tresses of thy hair ;
Love lives around thee and above,
But where's thy soul's response to love ?

How different is my lot from thine !
No blessed marks of love are mine,
My brow is dusky, and despair,
Dark guest, has spread her curtain there ;
Yet is my spirit's ceaseless cry,
Give love, give heaven, or else I die.

* Substitute for " Love in thine eyes."

SONNETS.

THE OLD YEAR.



We did not see thy giant figure pass

Down the steep valleys of the setting sun ;

We found no footsteps on the wintry grass

When morn awoke, and wept that thou wert gone ;

We did not hear one stifled, gasping groan,

As of some mighty runner at his speed

Checked sudden by strong pangs and head-long thrown,

Or warrior failing at his hour of need :

But soft as stealthy airs at eve, that creep

From dusky copse o'er twilight lake, or wing

Of homeward bird, or falling stars, or sleep—

So soft the hours did *bear* their dying king,

And bade me drop upon his regal hearse

Some faded flowers and this immortal verse.

DAY-DAWN AT FALMOUTH.



The sun lay darkling in his ocean chamber,
While waning night lay starless and uncrown'd ;
Far in the east long streaks of grey and amber
Skirted the dim horizon's paly round :
There was no stir in heaven, on earth no sound ;
The waters slept beside the silent quay,
The vessels on their shadows, still as they ;
The very clouds had gone that time to rest,
And lay like dew-drops on the floweret's breast—
It was so fair a morn, so strangely fair,
It seemed so like the new world's elder day,
I wondered if the gusty tempest e'er
Would wake again his awful roundelay,
And boiling foam, reveal the wonders of his way.

BRIGHTON, NIGHT.

The sea, the sky, the coy retiring moon,
And that great congregation of dun clouds,
Through whose resplendent cracks she raineth down
Her showers of silver; lighting here the shrouds
Of some becalmed bark, that tries in vain
To catch the truant breeze; and here descending,
As Phœbus' self his golden bow were bending,
Broad, bright, and beaming, on the burnish'd main—
Such is the scene before me; so surrounded,
No cloak about me but the purple air,
No light but moon and star; no alphabet
But that which in the hyaline is set—
Ah, why by matter is my spirit bounded?
For I would mount, tho' backward hurl'd amain,
The steep stair of the darkling hemisphere,
And write my great desires on every planet, there!

BRIGHTON, NIGHT.



The summer lightening in the northern sky,
Now jagg'd, as painters draw it; spreading now
Like a great fire-sheet o'er the welkin's brow;
The wind that murmurs low and tremblingly;
And the reluctant waves that break in fire,
Then hissing loud, like baffled foes, retire—
Such was the scene that met my ravish'd sight,
As forth that time upon the wide and high
Silent I gaz'd, and felt it exstacy.

Return, mysterious melancholy night;
Come with thy hooded eyes and dropping veil,
Thy tresses powder'd with the dusty stars,
And sandals studded with the pearly dew;
Come, and that hour's enchantment once renew,
And Hesperus bring with thee, and melancholy Mars.

THE TUNNEL. AT CLAYTON



Swift as an arrow o'er the burning rail,
With mightiest movement motionless we dart ;
When sudden leaps aloft the screaming wail,
As if a tortur'd giant burst his heart.
All in a moment then the light is gone,
Night reigns and horror black ; and round and round
Roll the reluctant wreaths of maddening sound ;
And noise and speed like wrestlers strive, and groan,
And crash, and scarcely intermitted cry
Still bear us onward in their company—
And now it seems like splash of iron water,
And now like weeping wild, and now like laughter ;
And light shoots down, then dies away—and then
Along the bricky sides and blackened rafter,
Flings its faint beams, and all is light again.

THE TRAIN.



How gently moves at first the enormous train !

Aurora scarcely from the gates of morn
Herself more softly—but with looser rein

Smooth now it shoots along the rail, and borne
Faster and louder, laughing time to scorn,

Pierces the hills, and o'er the startled vales

Leaves its long plumes suspended, as it sails.

Silence a moment dies in thunder's sound;

But straight revives again, with copse and cot
And creeping rill, as though the still profound

Had ne'er been stirr'd. Thou god* of giant foot,
That in three strides from Troy to Cegæ hasted,

Or later, seven-leagued hero, was thy boot
By Watt or great Brunell, magicians, blasted?

* Neptune. See Homer, Book IV.

THE RIVULET*. BRUCKENAU.



Hush, if thou cans't, a moment hush thy voice
Romantic babbler; thou that since the birth
Of Time or the great deluge hast flow'd on,
Cleaving with crystal plough the thirsty earth!
In vain—thou can'st nor hush nor stay; a tone
Of music somewhat mournful seems to come
From out thy dashing current; like the plain
Of one pent up within a living tomb
In deathful struggle life and light to gain.
So strives the labouring soul by passion haunted,
And many a wayward wish; and still shall strive,
Till by the power Almighty disenchanted,
Its bursting bars enfranchis'd it shall rive,
And breathe, an Eden flower, in fields of glory planted.

* The small rivulet, the *Sinn*, that runs through the valley, at the eastern extremity of which Bruckenuau is situated.

GREAT FOREST OAK (LUDWIGS PLATZ) IN
BRUCKENAU WOOD.

One strain, if only one, beneath this oak,
That shoots athwart me its gigantic arm,
Daring the worst that rapid thunder-stroke
Or time can do, or terror or alarm :
A thousand times the raven's boding croak
Hath spread its terrors round thee—List ! I hear,
As calm I sit within thy shadowy sphere,
The thousand tempests', thousand, thousand wings
That o'er thy stormy head, romantic tree,
Have rode like wild sprites in their revelry,
Making mad mirth amid the crash of things.
How altered now ! The summer warbler sings
Within thy branches green, and far above
The swallow sweeps his arching rounds for love.

SCENERY BETWEEN KISSINGEN AND
BOCKLET.



It is not only in my distant home
That nature puts her sylvan mantle on :
Here in the regions of a warmer sun
New beauties steal my senses as I roam :
Dashes the torrent here its maddening foam,
Frowns the dark crag, while sweeping at its base
The smooth flood seeks its ancient resting place :
Warbles the linnet here ; the towering lark
Ascends with song as sweet, and wing as true
As e'er on English fallow ; and the bark
Of shepherd's dog makes here its music too—
No sound of joy beneath, no sight above
But tells or silent sings of Him whose name is Love.

WATERLOO.



We found no bloodstains on the heroic ground,
No banners waved, but corn, upon the field ;
Far in the blue floated the clouds around,
And the glad earth laugh'd with its yearly yield :
You had not dream'd that mingling myriads, steeled
In helm and cuirass, thronging but alone,
On that fam'd spot, had hotly struggled on
From morn till eve ; while canopied above
In murky war-clouds sicken'd the summer sun,
And nature seem'd in mourning—Where was Love ?
Where fled'd'st thou gentlest queen of mightiest power,
That thus in terrible strife that joyous host
Dyed with such noble blood each circling hour,
And made that peaceful field one wreck-strewn coast ?

WATERLOO—WAR.



When will the dreadful game be overpast ?

Will nations always struggle ? shall the fever
Which with its thirsty lips and eyes aghast

Has drain'd whole kingdoms, riot on for ever ?

Shall the prerogative of great endeavour,
Still wear war's crimson, and the gales of peace
Ne'er on the weary nations breathe and bless ?

Rise King of Salem ! let thy balmy breath
Distil nepenthè on the ranks of death ;
Assume the glittering sword, and horned helm ;

And riding forth upon the calmèd air,
Let Thy dread presence every foe o'erwhelm ;

And Peace with roses crown'd and love-paved car,
Disperse the cloudy elements of war !

WATERLOO—TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



Who hath not heard thy name, or haply listed

While veterans have shewn their scars, and told
How joyously thy loyal legions trysted,

While backwards o'er the Iberian valleys roll'd
The tide of war—for duty, not for gold,
Fighting the invading Gaul? And yet to stand

Where he the hero of an hundred fights
Play'd his last game and lost—to mark the land

Wheron the conqueror of the all-conquering stood,
Men o'er their graves, steeds fetlock deep in blood,
And for quick gun-flash see day's purple lights—
Enough! what tongue can tell the deep delights,

Mingled with awful dread, and daring high,

That swell the labouring soul, and light the moisten'd
eye?

WATERLOO—THE BATTLE FIELD.



We did not see the melancholy host,
That fled, like scatter'd clouds Apollo's bow ;
We did not hear the cry that all was lost,
Nor see the long red war-wave sweep below,
And 'whelm in hasty rout the flying foe:
But as we stood on that heroic ground
And felt the summer kisses of the wind,
Oh how did beauty smiling all around
Each frozen current of the heart unbind!
For memory came, her brows with cypress twined,
And pensive thought was reckoning up the dead,
And feeling told what countless bosoms bled,
For those that in that mighty grave were laid,
When her crape-cover'd flag sad Victory display'd.

ST. LEONARD'S—MOONLIGHT.*



Whence those soft chains that seem my soul to cramp?
The page I scan fades slowly from mine eyes;
Pale burns the flame within my dying lamp,
And forms of changeful hue around me rise—
Gales breathe upon me as from Paradise,
And free from sunset bar, or morning streak,
Ten thousand waves of glory round me break :
I look abroad upon the sleepy ocean,
That smiles and heaves with a most restful motion:
The moon mounts gradual; and the wavelets rear
Their shining crests, like bright-brow'd saints in prayer—
Fair moon, fair Church, soft gales and calm of even,
And thou, great Sun, that light'st both earth and heaven,
When shall the hearts of men in prayer agree?
When shall “ the floods lift up their hands ” to Thee?

* Suggested by a passage in an archidiaconal charge delivered at Lewes in the Summer of 1845.

EPITAPHS.



ON A CHILD.

As flowers that fade at early morn,
So perish all of woman born ;
But peace there is, and mercy mild,
For aged man and little child :
And I, O Lord, that mercy claim,
Through Jesus' Christ's most holy Name.



ON A LADY.

How much, meek Saint, she loved her Master's name,
How patient bore His cross, and shared His shame ;
How large of heart, obedient to His call,
She gave to Him, her time, her strength, her all.

How for the heavenly crown, she daily strove,
By humble prayer and lowly deeds of love ;
How long she bore life's burden, and how well,
The last great day, the day of Christ shall tell.



ON A LADY.

Peace to thy sainted soul, eternal peace !
Past like a dream, the voyage of life is o'er ;
Thy bark is anchor'd, where all tempests cease,
Nor cloud nor care shall ever vex thee more.

Calm on the bosom of the sinner's friend,
In humble hope, thy weary head is laid ;
Soft on thy soul His gentle looks descend,
Softer than on thy grave the summer's shade.

There rest, meek Saint, till bursting from on high,
The Archangel's trump shall pierce the midnight gloom,
Then rise and join the ransom'd company,
And change for robes of life, the dark weeds of the tomb.

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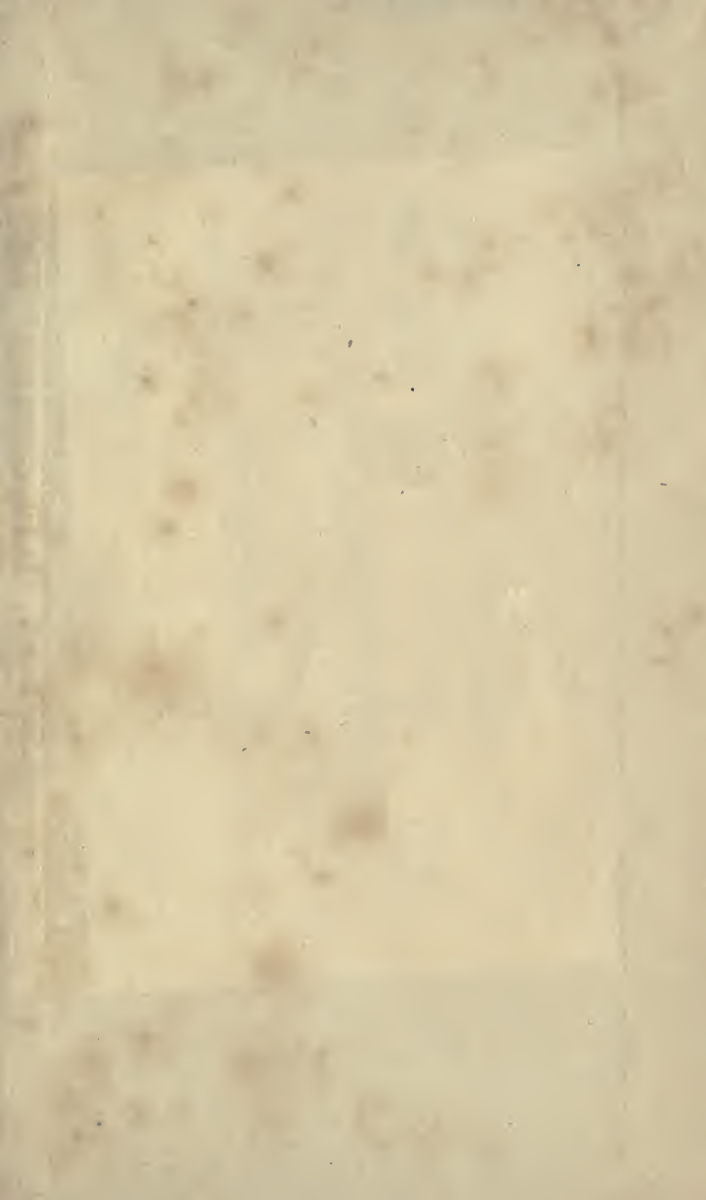
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